

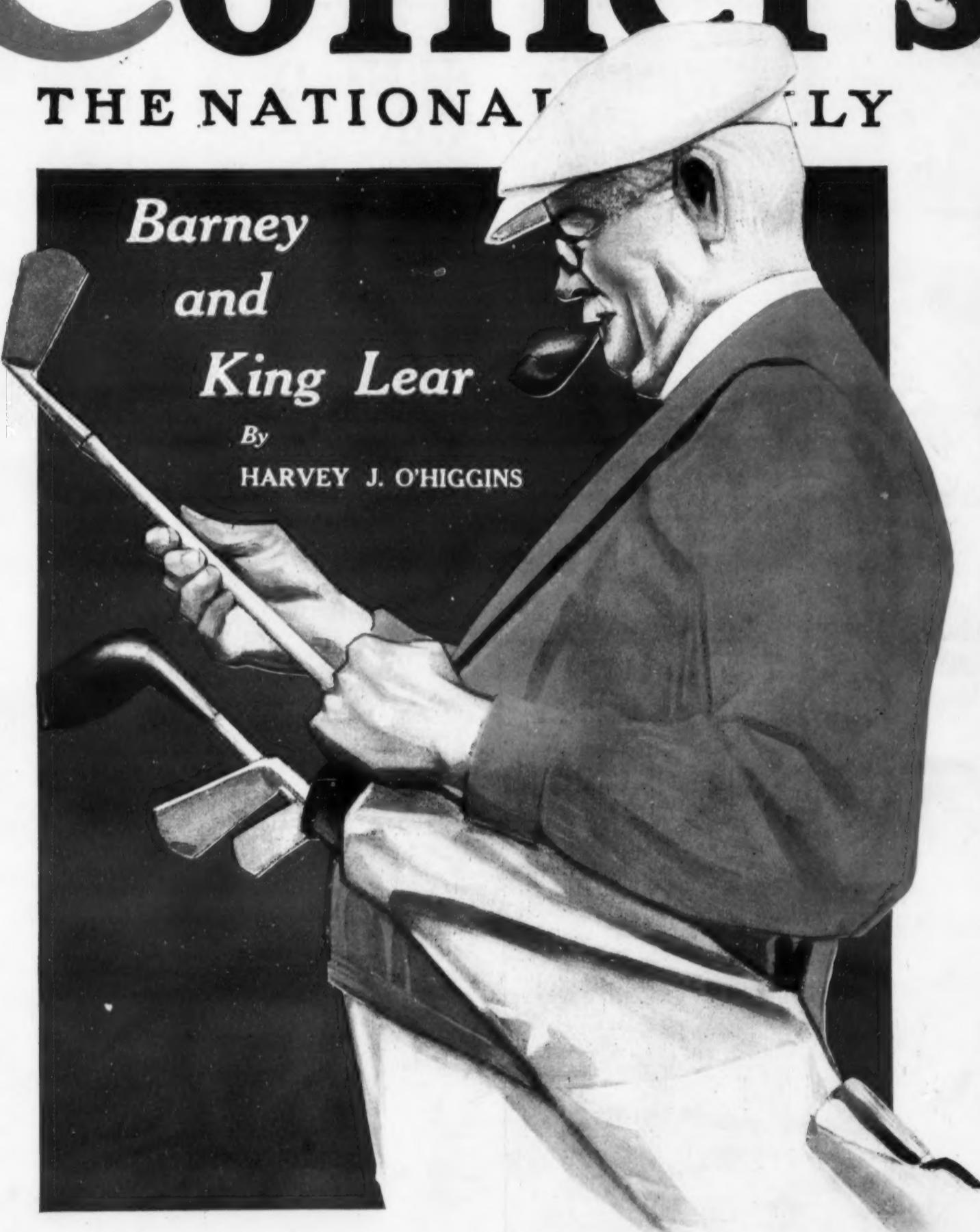
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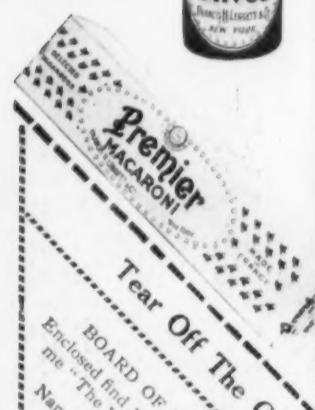
5¢ a copy

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

*Barney
and
King Lear*

By
HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS





What Westfield Has Done For Honest Advertising

To receive the Westfield stamp of approval, it is not enough that a package food product measure up to the high standards of purity, wholesomeness, and nutrition. It must go one step farther. Every statement on the label must be *Honest* and none shall be extravagant or obscure. If illustrated, the illustration must not mislead.

Unless you were familiar with the many details of the work of the Westfield Board of Health in its campaign for Pure Foods or unless you could make a comparison of certain food labels of a year or two ago with those of today, you could have only a

vague idea of how this campaign has advanced the cause of Honest Advertising.

Many a food product which has been found to have the necessary qualifications as far as purity, nutrition, and wholesomeness are concerned, has been withheld from the Westfield list until certain dishonest, extravagant, or misleading statements had been eliminated from the label.

Food manufacturers are generally very glad to comply with the Board's suggestions, for they appreciate what it means to them in the way of direct commercial benefit to be listed in

"The Westfield Book of Pure Foods"

"I know about the good work in connection with the Westfield Board of Health and consider it a splendid piece of missionary work"—wrote Harry D. Robbins, chairman of the National Vigilance Committee of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America. "It strikes a new note and one that suggests great possibilities."

Many of those "great possibilities" have been realized, for the handy little classified index to pure foods is the daily guide in thousands of American homes. During the time that the Pure Food Campaign has been in progress, the Westfield Board of Health has sold, on an average, over 4000 copies per week of The Westfield Book of Pure Foods. If you have not already sent for your copy, do so without delay. Don't continue to take chances with your health and the health of your family.

The only way that you can be *sure* that your food is *pure* is to let this little book guide you in your buying.

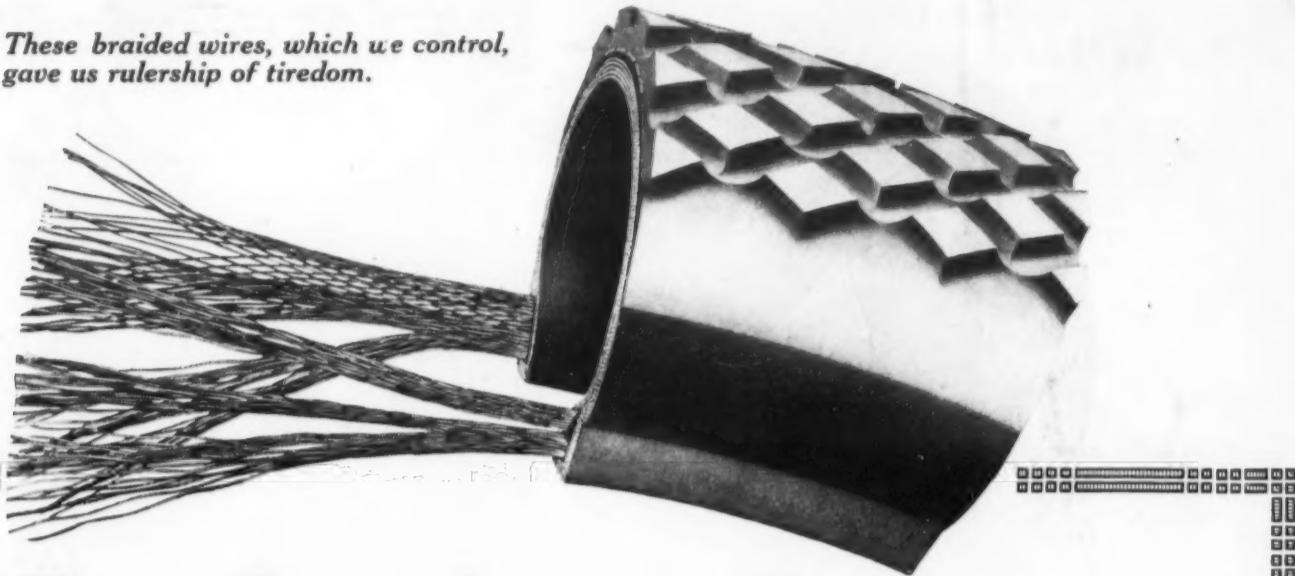
The Westfield Book of Pure Foods does not list *every* pure food on the market—the Board of Health has not yet had time to analyze *everything*—but there are a sufficient number under the various classifications to meet the requirements of almost anybody.

By all means, send for a copy today. The coupon and ten cents will bring it to you.

Here are shown some of the Westfield Pure Food Products



These braided wires, which we control, gave us rulership of tedium.



The Goodyear Secret

The No-Rim-Cut tire is a Goodyear invention, and we still control it.

An essential feature is these braided wires, which no one else can make.

This tire can't rim-cut—that we guarantee. This fact has saved motorists many millions of dollars.

It has also made Goodyears the world's favorite tires. They now outsell any other.

Ruins Almost 1 in 3

Time and again we have gathered statistics to show what rim-cuts cost. This year we employed certified public accountants, so the figures could not be disputed.

They examined thousands of ruined clincher tires, taking them as they came. The old-type, hooked-base tires. And they found that 31.8 per cent had been discarded for rim-cutting only.

That's almost one tire in three.

That conveys some idea of the saving accomplished by this Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

How We Did It

We did this by making a hookless tire—one that does not hook to the rim.

Thus your removable rim flanges can be set to curve **outward**—not **inward** as with clincher tires.

Then the tire, when wholly or partly deflated, rests on a rounded flange. There

is no sharp curved-in edge to dig into the tire. Thus rim-cutting is made impossible.

These tires fit any standard rim.

This hookless tire makes it essential to have an unstretchable tire base. It must be held on, under every strain, so that nothing can stretch the tire over the rim flange.

We get this by vulcanizing into the tire base six flat bands of 126 braided wires. See picture at the top.

This tire can't be forced off. But when you unlock and remove a flange it easily slips off. There are no hooks on the base to "freeze" into the rim flange, as with old-type tires.

Controlled by Secrecy

These braided wires are made under lock and key—made by secret machinery.

They cannot be imitated. And it seems that a faultless tire of this type cannot be made without them.

Makers have tried it again and again, but thousands of the tires came back for replacement.

So the wish to end rim-cutting has led tire users to Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.



THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

For Sale by All Dealers

More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

London address, Central House, Kingsway, London W. C.

Sept. 20



Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx

You'll see in our young men's clothes the ultra fashion ideas; the things that are "a season or two ahead;" things that older men will take up later. That's what that department is for—to keep ahead; its work represents the advance line of fashion in men's clothes; and that's why young men are so keen for our goods. Our illustration brings out some of the points that characterize this season's models; you'll see more of them when you see the clothes themselves.

Young men's clothes, as we make them, are different; the back, the shoulders, the front, the sleeves are different. Notice in our illustration the three-button, two-to-button idea; the long slope of the lapel and the way the collar lies. Notice how the coat hugs the waistline; the patch-pockets; the Norfolk vest on the central figure. When you see the clothes examine the Eas-adjust waistband in the trousers, an exclusive feature in our goods.

YOU want smart style, latest style, correct style; but you've got to be careful if you want to be sure of getting it. Not all "soft roll" coats are correct in style; not all "English models;" there's something more in correct style than just calling it that.

We know; we make a business of knowing; and when you find our mark in the clothes you may depend on getting the right thing. You'll get quality, also; without quality, style doesn't last very long.

The young men in our illustration are wearing suits such as can be had for \$25 in any store selling our goods. We advise you to see the clothes for yourself. You'll find suits as low as \$18 and \$20; and as high as \$40 and \$50. If you see the \$25 suits you'll see why ready clothes are best to buy.

Send for the Fall Style Book showing
many new models for men and women

Hart Schaffner & Marx
Good Clothes Makers

Chicago

New York

Barney and King Lear



"Well, then," Barney said, "if you c'n keep yer mouth shut, I c'n put somethin' over. . . . We c'n square this whole blame thing with a little plant!"

By Harvey J. O'Higgins

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

ANOTHER Barney story by the writer who discovered William J. Burns as a literary mine. This time Barney pulls off a guileful trick in a good cause, and wins the worship of his own family.

BARNEY COOK, as an operative of the Babbing Detective Bureau, had spent his day around the General Post Office, waiting to pick up a suspect, whom he had never seen, and follow him—he did not know whither—so as to get evidence of he did not know what. He had had his instructions and a photograph; that was all; and he had not asked anything more. He was not curious. He was becoming highly professional. He did not even worry over the fact that he had failed to catch his man. And having been relieved by another member of Babbing's staff, he was on his way home to his supper, now, with a free mind.

But if you except that he was tired and hungry and expecting a warm meal and a soft bed, he was not looking forward to his home-coming with any eager anticipation. Home, of course, should be the place where a working man may talk of himself and his day inexhaustibly, with the assurance of a sympathetic hearing. It was just this credulous ear of interest that Barney knew he would not find.

On the first day of his work with Babbing he had told his mother that he had been engaged as an office boy—because he was afraid that she might object to his being a detective. Later, when he was forced to tell her the truth, he had wound his way into his confession with such unconvincing circumlocution, and he had so guiltily clouded the point when he came to it, that she had accepted his story in a large silence that evidently covered a multitude of thoughts. Then he began to come home full of enthusiastic accounts of his daily exploits; and the more calmly she received them, the more amazing he made them. Once or twice, when he was romancing, she interrupted him to talk to his sister Annie. But she never expressed any doubts of his stories to the boy himself. She was a wise woman. The whole neighborhood knew her to be such; and she had gained the reputation by her ability to keep her opinion of people to herself.

BARNEY might never have suspected her, if he had not become a detective. In his social set, a boy is so busy concealing the guilty secrets of his conscience from his elders that he has no time to develop his own perspicacity. He is so diligent in hiding that he

does not sharpen his eyes for what others have hidden. But after Babbing had lectured him, whimsically, on the necessity of knowing when a man was lying to him, he had begun to watch and study the utterances he met with. And suddenly he found that he could guess what people were thinking. In the ordinary course of growth, he would have acquired the faculty imperceptibly, by the slow process of experience. It came to him, now, in a startling illumination.

And the first thing it showed him was his own lack of credit in his mother's mind. He discovered, beneath her silence, an incredulity like a bottomless pit, into which he had been pouring his confidences. Her proud opinion of him—which he had built up for himself on her supposed belief in his exploits—collapsed into that chasm. He had thought himself his mother's right-hand man. He had been jealous of his sister Annie. His mother had always appeared to slight the girl in his favor, and to give him the place in her esteem to which his masculine superiority entitled him. Imagine the disillusionment of discovering that his mother had been protecting him from Annie—that she had been slighting the girl in order to preserve an appearance of equilibrium in her maternal affection—that she had assumed her partiality for him out of pity for his inferiority to his sister. Imagine the feelings of an anti-suffragist who learns that to Mother Nature the female is the more important sex!

IT had taken him a week to find out where he stood and convince himself that he was not mistaken. He had sulked—and been ignored. He had boasted, and his self-assertion had been accepted in a silence that defeated him. He could not take his mother to the Babbing Bureau to convince her that he had not greatly exaggerated his importance there. And certainly there was no way in which he could bring the Babbing Bureau to her. If the hero of "The Boy Prince" had come home to be spanked for playing hooky and telling lies to excuse his truancy, the situation might have had a parallel in Barney's mind. Nothing less pathetic could equal it.

His mother kept a furnished lodging house in Hudson Street, and he came up the worn sandstone steps to her blistered colonial door with as little alacrity as if he were still a telegraph boy delivering a message. His sister Annie answered his ring. "Oh, it's you," she said; and he thought she said it disparagingly. He did not reply to her. He went down the shabby hall to the back stairs and descended them to the basement, where an odor of cooking flattered his nostrils. He heard old Con Cooney's voice, and understood that their neighbor had dropped in again for supper. He liked Cooney—because Cooney liked him—and the presence of another man in the house

seemed somehow to mitigate the feminine conspiracy to belittle him.

Mrs. Cook having rented all her upper floors, housed her family in three rooms in the basement; and they had their meals in the big, old-fashioned kitchen, on an oilcloth-covered table, beside a cookstove that stood in an arched niche of brick in the chimney wall. Barney smelled the potato cakes in the oven as he hung up his hat in the lower hall. He did not get the subtler fragrance of clam chowder till he came into the room. When old Cooney said heartily "How are ye, boy?" he answered "Fine an' dandy," with a smile. It was the smile of an expectant stomach. His mother rose to get his soup plate from the warming shelf, but she merely looked her greeting in a glance of solicitude that saw him tired and hungry. Any demonstration of affection from her would have seemed hypocritical. Cooney said "That'll stick to yer ribs," as she put a steaming plate of chowder before Barney. He replied, "Sure, Mike," and grinned.

IT WAS a chowder as thick as an Irish stew—a savory suetee of indistinguishable vegetables that had been immolated at the obsequies of the clam, and now, in the ascending steam, gave up their essential souls to assist his translation into glory. Like aromatic musk, it soothed Barney with a vague strengthening of spirit that was at once insatiable and contented. He opened his moist lips to the first spoonful, and it sank to the seat of a satisfaction that was too deep to be lifted even by a sigh. He hunched himself over that seductive distillation, drinking a steady stream of spoonfuls, gazing into it hypnotically, breathing it, brooding on it, lost in it. The conversation went on above his devotional, bowed head. The others had arrived at the potato cakes. They could talk.

They were talking of Cooney's domestic affairs. He was a widower with two married daughters, to each of whom, on the day of her marriage, he had given a house. "Why should I be keepin' thim waitin' fer my fun'r'al," he had said, "to get their bit o' propety? They need it more now." It was all he had—those two houses. They represented the savings of a lifetime of trucking. He had sold his teams and his trucks to pay off the last installment of mortgage when he retired.

HE had a ruddy old face—the ruddier by contrast with the whiteness of his hair. It was a face of kindly philosophy growing senile. He had always had the name of being "kind o' simple"; and there was this simplicity in his confessing to Mrs. Cook, at her supper table, that he was worried out of his sleep because his youngest daughter, with whom he was living, had made up her mind to give up renting rooms, sell her house, and move into a flat. "It's been hard times, as

ye know, ma'am," he explained, "gettin' rooms rented hereabouts since them subways an' tunnels an' all was digged. But what w'd I be doin' in a flat?"

Mrs. Cook attempted to cheer him by helping him to another potato cake. It distracted him at least. He split it with his knife, spread the halves with lumps of butter, and closed them together on that melting secret to absorb it tenderly.

Barney said, in the silence: "Why don't you get about ten ton o' coal an' shoot it into her cellar?"

Cooney looked up from his cake. "What good 'ud that do, d'ye think?"

"She'd never move out an' leave it, would she?"

"Niver!" He laid down his knife and fork. "Boy! You're a wunder! How did y' ever think o' that, now?"

BARNEY nodded, with his eyes on his chowder, as if to say: "Oh, I know a thing or two, even if some people *don't* think so." As a matter of fact, he had once heard of a man using a load of coal to anchor his wife when she talked of moving.

Annie piped up: "I don't see that that'd make any diff'rence."

"Wouldn't it, then?" Mrs. Cook snubbed her. "That shows all *you* know about it."

Annie was used to snubs. She went to the oven for Barney's plate of potato cakes, unresentful. His mother was pouring his tea.

"It 'ud do the trick," Cooney said. "It *wud* that. It's a great contrivance. It is surely." He added, in a lower tone to himself and his food: "But where'd I get the money for it?"

Mrs. Cook put down her teapot with a bump. "Have you given all of it over to them gurls?"

"Yes'm," Cooney admitted.

"Have you kep' none of it fer yerself?" He blinked at her, under his shaggy eyebrows, guiltily apologetic. "No'm," he said. And to Barney, looking from one to the other, several things were clear.

It was clear that Cooney, having made himself dependent on his children, was being housed with ingratitude; that was why he looked apologetic; he was ashamed of them before her. And he had been trying to maintain some show of being independent of their bounty by going about for his meals: that was why he had been dropping in for supper so frequently with Mrs. Cook. And his praise of her cooking had not been disinterested; that was why he looked guilty; he saw that she suspected it.

Mrs. Cook, shrewd and kindly, made no comment on the situation. She maintained a receptive silence that drew him out like a vacuum pump. In a few minutes he was giving up his story, in hints and evasions, piecemeal, out of all sequence of time and incident, and with no right understanding himself of how it had happened or who had been to blame.

Barney ate and listened.

THE story was new to him, though it was as old as King Lear. Cooney had deeded a house to his eldest daughter when she married Lieutenant Buntz of the fire department; and they had all lived together, renting the parlor floor, with the youngest daughter helping to do the housework. When this second daughter married a machinist, Cooney could do no less than give her the other house, where she, too, followed the custom of the street by letting her vacant floors. He had remained with the oldest girl, who kept him in clothes and tobacco—and pocket money for an occasional nip. She had begrimed him nothing, though she had hinted, after Kathleen's marriage, that the sister might be doing something for him, too.

"It was Buntz's notion, that," old Cooney said. "He's nothin' but a poor furriner, y' understand, ma'am. He's got no right feelin's whatever."

Then the hard times struck the quarter, and so many of Mrs. Buntz's rooms went empty for a whole summer that she had no money for her dad. The winter brought some return of prosperity, but not for him. He had all he could eat and a comfortable room, but Buntz had evidently persuaded his wife that her father's spending money ought to come from the other daughter; and they let him go shabby, with empty pockets and a cold pipe. He left them—after a quarrel with Buntz.

"He's a dirty little furriner," he explained to Mrs. Cook. "They're the curse o' the country, as ye know, ma'am—them furriners. They've got no right to marry decent Americans. There ought to be a law agin' it."

KATHLEEN'S man, the machinist, was the proper sort; and they had received him with a sympathy that encouraged his grievance and increased his ill will against Buntz. But the machinist was chronically out of work and Kathleen was no such manager as her sister; and though Cooney and the husband made themselves useful around the house, and shared their tobacco when they had any—and were convivial together when they could raise the price of a glass—old Cooney's condition was not so much better than it had been at Buntz's. Affairs were soon complicated by the fact that Kathleen became exasperated at her husband's idleness and accused him, before her father, of being willing to live on the rent of the rooms instead of working for himself. Cooney was a man of peace,

He avoided taking sides in the quarrel. But he was drawn into it by the husband's retort that the house was not hers anyway, but her father's—and by the girl's accusation that Cooney was encouraging the husband to loaf. Then she went to her sister and demanded that some just arrangement should be made by which one of them could board their father and the other make him an allowance; and Mrs. Buntz replied that she had always been willing to board him and would do so any time that he would come back to her. Cooney declared that he would starve first. Kathleen scolded him. He accused her of ingratitude. Things went rapidly from bad to worse. It was a cat-and-dog's life entirely. And at last Kathleen, in a determined revolt against the domestic situation, put the house in an agent's hands for sale, and started out to look for a small flat in which she could live economically on her bit of money and make it impossible for her relative to "impose" on her any longer.

"Oh, now," Mrs. Cook consoled the old man, "people has to squabble. It gives them somethin' to occupy their minds. It makes life int'restin—a good hot quar'l. You mustn't take it so to heart."

"Tain't that, ma'am," he said pathetically, "but between 'em I'll soon be on the streets. They neither av them wants me."

WELL, that's the way o' nature, Mr. Cooney." She poured him the last cup of tea. "It ain't provided that a parent should be dependin' to his young ones. Those gurls'll be sweet enough to their own chil'durn—an' like as not they'll get the same dose they're givin' you. It's the wisdom o' God. If we was all as crazy about our parents as they are about us, we'd none of us be leavin' home to marry, an' there'd soon be no chil'durn in the world at all. That'd never do. Never. You mustn't expect it, man."

"I don't, ma'am," poor Cooney defended himself.



Mrs. Buntz was soon as indignant as her sister. She read the policy aloud—every word of it—with fine conviction

"All I wanted of them was a corner be the fire, in the houses I gave them."

"Well, say," Barney cut in. "If you had a couple thousand dollars—or so—in the bank, it'd make a change, wouldn't it?"

"Make a change, lad?"

"Yes. They'd like y' a lot more if you had somethin' to make it worth while, eh?"

Cooney rubbed his forehead.

"It's because you've got nuthin' more to give them—isn't it? That's why they're so stooty?"

"Boy," he confessed, "I suppose 'tis so, but I take shame to think it."

"Well, then," Barney said, "if you c'n keep yer mouth shut, I c'n put somethin' over."

"Barney," his mother cried, "if you talk so to yer elders, I'll box yer ears."

He turned to her impatiently. "Aw, hol' on a shake, mom. I'm talkin' business. We c'n square this whole blame thing with a little plant."

The puzzled Cooney asked: "What kind av a plant?"

"A rubber plant," Barney answered cockily. "Gumshoe. The kind they grow down at the office. Leave it to me. I'll show y' a sample to-morrah." He held out his plate to Annie. "Give me another cake," he ordered her.

"You'll make yerself sick," she said.

"I'd sooner be sick than hungry. Hurry up." He explained to Cooney: "That coal would've done the trick, wouldn't it? Well, that was a plant. See? Leave it to me." He swept them all with a Napoleonic eye. "An' you'll keep quiet about it—all of you—or you'll crab the whole game."

ANNIE asserted her independence feebly by taking her own time with the cakes. His mother opened her lips to reply to him—and closed them again. But what they both concealed in the backs of their minds was visible in Cooney's admiring regard: Barney was on the way to come into his own with that family.

He refused to say anything more about his plant until he could complete his preparations for it, and those preparations required a word from Babbing. He put in his request for an interview with the chief early on the following morning; but he did not get an invitation to the private office until the afternoon, when Babbing, after his morning's work and a milk-and-salad luncheon, was smoking the one cigar that he allowed himself daily. It was supposed, among his men, that he devoted this interval of leisure to scheming out the various stratagems by which he solved his cases; and Barney entered the sanctum of cerebration with apologetic misgivings for the request he wished to make.

As a matter of fact, Babbing had one of those minds that never consciously apply themselves to thought—that start like an engine when the mechanical load is thrown on, and work best when the necessity is pressing. He smoked his cigar as a sort of siesta, while his luncheon was "settling." And he received Barney in the best of postprandial moods, at his ease in his swivel chair, mildly quizzical. "Well, what's worrying you?"

Barney rose, at once, to his humor. He replied, like a client: "I got a case 'at I want to see y' about, Mr. Babbing."

"Good. Sit down. What is it?"

Barney sat down, as part of the joke. "I want to get a bunch of phony money to make a plant fer a fullah."

"Uh-huh." Babbing received it as if it were a request for a postage stamp, almost absent-mindedly, being engaged in flicking the ash from his cigar. "What are you going to do with it?"

BARNEY admired the duplicity of his chief's manner the more because he saw through it. "I want to—kind o' help him out of a hole. It's this way, chief." And he began Cooney's story confusedly, struggling to avoid the slang to which Babbing objected. As he got further in his narrative, he forgot about the slang, and Babbing listened to him, twinkling. The sunlight, from the window at Babbing's back, made a luminous obscuring cloud of the tobacco smoke before the detective's face; and when Babbing snorted and coughed, Barney supposed that it was the smoke that choked him. "So I doses it out," said Barney, "that if I could get a hold of a bunch o' fake money, I could make a kind o' plant with th' ol' guy, an' have some one go an' borry a sackful off him—some way so's his fam'ly'd get hep—an' then they'd bigger he'd got a bar'l of the real cush salted down some'rs—an' he'd be as poplar's Santy Claus, all right, with the whole outfit. Don't you think so, chief?"

Babbing waved aside the tobacco smoke and leaned forward. He was smiling. "Barney," he said, "did you ever read Shakespeare?"

"No, sir," Barney grinned.

"I thought you were trying to rewrite him. You're making comedy out of 'King Lear'."

"King who?"

"Never mind. I see glimmerings of intelligence in you, at last. You're beginning to think like a detective."

"Yes, sir," Barney said modestly.

"Well, let us see, now," Babbing reflected. "Your idea is that if Cooney's daughters thought he still had money, they'd be more considerate of him, eh? With a lively sense of favors to come."

"Yes, sir."

"And how long do you think they'd be willing to wait cheerfully for those favors?"

"Well, geo—"

"And can you imagine those girls giving him money to spend if they thought he had plenty in the bank?"

"Mebbe they'd let on they didn't know about it?"

"Yes. That 'maybe' has (Continued on page 30)

The Case of Eytinge

In the Series of "Everyday Americans"

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

PRONOUNCE it ey-tinge. Why does COLLIER's go to the Arizona State Prison and select a man who is serving a life sentence for murder and present him as an Everyday American?

That is a perfectly proper question, and this article is unjustifiable if it fails to disclose a satisfactory answer.

The first impression Louis Victor Eytinge made upon the outside world was by his letters. Those letters have no whine in them. They contain no mounthings of bitterness; but, on the contrary, breathe optimism and—strangest of all—contentment; but, of course, contentment with hope.

They may be business letters, in which event they are crisp and pungent. They may be letters of friendship, in which event they will sparkle with brains and humor, as well as beat with a pulse that is warm and human. These friendship letters, and even the business ones, have a mysterious power to kindle affection for the man behind the typewriter; so that over the country to-day grows a little circle of men and women, lecturers, writers, advertising experts, wholesale merchants, and business idealists generally, who, though they have never seen the man, are proud to call the life termer friend, and speak of him with respect and affection.

Some of the great publishers and manufacturers of America have solicited the assistance of Mr. Eytinge in preparing series of form letters, to be used by them in selling direct through the mails. Recently "Letters," a Chicago trade journal, devoted nearly an issue to a consideration of some series of letters prepared by this convict, and concluded by saying:

"A study of Eytinge's style—of his reasoning—will pay any man. Every letter rings with his personality—each is direct, convincing, and no opportunity has gotten by where he could show a greater interest, render greater service, cement and double-rivet the tie that binds—true friendship."

But Eytinge's letters have not only power to persuade to business ends. By the power of a letter he whipped a man in an Eastern State, whom he had never seen, out of drunkenness into sobriety; after which more letters got this reconstructed drunkard into the employ of another correspondence friend in a position that promises to be worth more than ten thousand dollars a year.

Naturally people ask: What kind of a prisoner is it who can write such letters? And: What kind of a prison is it where they allow a convict to throw his mind over the walls to the far borders of a continent?

Guilty or Not Guilty?

ANSWERING the former question first, this prisoner, though still young, has a long record that is deliberately, skillfully, and viciously criminal—a career in which there is little to excite sympathy and less on which to ground a hope.

And yet, bad as Louis Eytinge has been, it is permitted at the very outset to relieve the feelings of the reader by saying that there is a serious doubt in the minds of many as to whether he ever took the life of a fellow being.

He went to drive upon the desert outside of Phoenix with a sick man whom he had befriended and who had trusted him. He came back alone. The companion was found dead, his pockets rifled, and an empty chloroform can in the bushes near at hand. Eytinge, with a trail of forged checks between him and the scene of death, was arrested 1,000 miles away with some of the dead man's property in his possession. That, in brief, was the circumstantial case upon which a conviction was secured. It may appear conclusive. But to many it is not. There exists a doubt. Judge A. C. Baker of Phoenix, who defended Eytinge, became so exercised by this doubt that he paid the expenses of an appeal out of his own pocket. William A. Pinkerton, the detective, is quoted as saying it was



They had penned him up to die, and he would not die. They sent him to jail, a crook, and lo, his voice was a power for honesty

improbable that Eytinge was guilty of murder, as his criminal bent did not gallop in that direction.

At the trial it was urged that the corpus delicti was not sufficiently proved. Dead, the sick barber was, no doubt of that; but there was no proof that he was not dead of tuberculosis, or asthma, or a weak heart, from all three of which he suffered.

And so the doubt—which in some quarters grows to a positive belief in his innocence.

His Fatal Gift of Temperament

EYTINGE is a member of a well-known family of artists, actors, and musicians, some of whom have gained a place in the esteem of their times. He was born in a central State. His father was actor, broker, speculator, gambler, by turns. His parents were divorced when he was three years old. On its face this looks to have been unfortunate. It may not have been. The boy had an abundant share of love from his mother and relatives, and plenty of money—too much money. He had good looks and a rare power to ingratiate. He had the fatal gift of temperament—perhaps barely escaped genius. He was able to do wrong so skillfully that one feels convinced he might have done right with equal facility if he had chosen. But he did not choose. He repaid affection with ingratitude, forgiveness with broken pledges, parental indulgence with a life of dishonor.

In school Eytinge floundered out of one scrape only to fall into another, till at fifteen or sixteen years of age, adrift for some scapegrace act, and being as usual in want of money, he forged a check. With his personal graces it was ridiculously easy to get money this way. Forging became the habit of his teens.

For a time his mother and his relatives "squared" the cases against him by making good the losses and pleading his youth. But he was never permanently out of trouble. At nineteen years of age he was serving time in a Federal prison for a forgery committed after a naval enlistment, but was pardoned for the sake of his youth and the family name. At twenty he was going to the Mansfield Reformatory again for forgery; at twenty-two he was arrested for forgeries and became mixed up in an attempted jail break

while awaiting trial; at twenty-eight he was coming out of Columbus Penitentiary with a five-year term behind him, and a record as a turbulent prisoner who had been spread-engaged, paddled, cuffed to the wall, and water cured, all with no effect that was good and considerable that was bad. But it was not alone his character that was worm-eaten. The man's body was hopelessly tubercular. In fact, Eytinge at that moment was a conspicuous example of a young man who had deliberately and recklessly wasted his entire life capital in vicious living, and whose final reckoning was near.

For the last time his relatives took pity on him. Within a month he was on his way to Phoenix, Ariz., with a promise from them of \$100 a month so long as he kept away and out

of trouble. Sixty days later, hollow of cheek, wasted of body, hunched of shoulder, a mere yellow husk of a man, his features wearing a habitual smirk of animal cunning, he stood shiftily upon unfeeling legs while the law of a life for a life was invoked against him.

That, in brief and objectively considered, is the transit of Louis Victor Eytinge from a day in 1878 to another in 1907. It is a dismal tale, and better untold were it not that Eytinge has turned about and, rung by rung, climbed back up the ladder. I set down the bare details of the upward steps. They shall be their own interpreters.

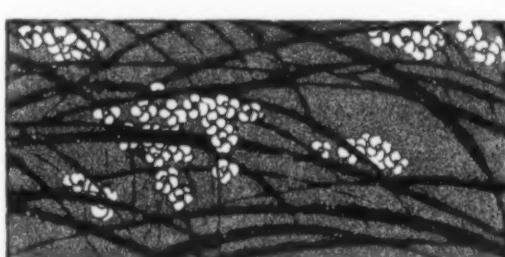
Eytinge was saved by money—that is, by the need of money. He was cured by looking upon a cross of gold. Money wants had ruined him. They now began to redeem him.

Yuma Prison was one of the worst located in America. It squatted on a low bluff a few feet above the yellow, writhing waves of the wicked Colorado. The summer temperatures were unbelievably torrid. The cells opened on the river. Hordes of mosquitoes came in and stung the occupants. Eytinge must have mosquito nets or endure a double torture in the hacking months that remained to him. His relatives had cast him off entirely. By a roundabout appeal they were induced to send him \$10, but that was all. With this he got netting and milk and eggs for a few days. But he was a very sick man; he weighed less than 119 pounds; primarily his stomach rejected all food, yet by eating two meals in succession he could generally retain the second; but the food itself must be of the most delicate, and the prison diet did not include that sort.

The Dawn of Hope

BUT the instinct for life was strong in Louis Eytinge. Though his days must be spent in an adobe prison, nevertheless he wanted to live. He was but twenty-eight years old—too young—too wicked to die. But without fit food no life, and without money no fit food, and how to get the money? That was the question. There was no chance to forge a check in prison. But there were ways of earning money in prison.

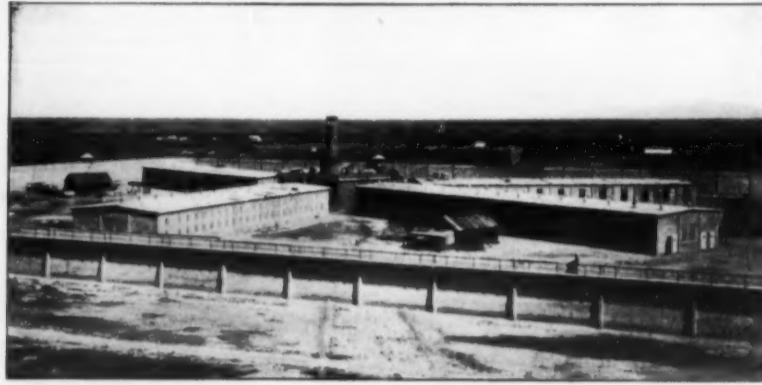
Eytinge saw prisoners braiding hatsbands and belts of horsehair and ornamenting them crudely with silver rosettes hammered from Mexican dollars, all to be sold through the bars to chance visitors from trains that were sometimes delayed at the railroad station. That afforded an idea, but Eytinge was in the chronic ward, with no chance to see visitors or to sell; yet necessity was laid heavily upon him. From the advertising pages of some journal he cut the names of two Western curio dealers, and wrote them letters, offering to furnish horsehair souvenirs to be sold to tourists. The dealers responded. Eytinge put his friends to working, making hatsbands and belts; he learned to make them himself, to twist the hair, to braid it, to hammer the silver, to chase and model it—to do all the mechanical work. Business began to grow and money to be made. There were nineteen men in the chronic ward, and Eytinge



kept them busy. With the proceeds the men bought themselves comforts. Eytinge got his milk and eggs, and, instead of dying in six months, was alive at the end of a year and gaining in weight.

Then a sudden blow threatened the life of the infant industry. The prison authorities concluded that some of the letter-writing salesmen were overdoing the matter and loading up their appeals with a quantity of "sob stuff" that amounted to faking. With a bang the iron hand came down. This all but wiped Eytinge off the map. He staggered for a bit, but, instead of going under, reorganized his business. From dealing with forty retailers per week, he undertook to do business with two wholesalers in each seven days.

And thereby he learned the value of a letter. When a man can write but two letters a week, those letters



Arizona had taken thought to itself and moved the prison from Yuma, far up the Gila Valley, to Florence

become exceedingly important. They must hit the mark; they must be aimed true; must contain no wasted words, and none that are worse than wasted, as sometimes words are. More than that, they must be letters of compelling power. It may be doubted if in the history of business any man ever framed selling letters under such compulsion as Louis Victor Eytinge in those days. It was life or death for him. Behind him the little group of nineteen men in the chronic ward, weaving their horsehair belts and hatbands, hammering their trinkets of silver, getting for them a few pesos a month, to spend for small comforts or to send home to families who could live a week upon a dollar—before him the wide, wide, consuming world and his line of communication, two white wings a week. Small wonder that Eytinge weighed the value of his words, that he studied the psychology of selling, that he sent out letters that for pulling power are the marvel of the business world. Moreover, while learning how to write a selling letter that had power in it, Eytinge made the, to him, startling discovery that truth is the fundamental element of power in the formulation of the selling appeal: that a letter with an obvious misstatement or an apparent exaggeration wounded itself, fluttered into the wastebasket and died.

He had to write the simple truth about his goods in order to sell them, and discovered, too, that when he undertook to write nothing but the truth he could do it with a force he had never felt before.

The Up Grade

ALL his life he had been doing crooked things because it seemed more effective to fabricate a lie than to hew out the truth. Now he made this striking discovery that truth was power. Not only was that a great big lesson in salesmanship, but all unconsciously it became a great big lesson in character. Louis the Crooked began to be Louis the Straight, for the sake of power.

About this time also personal influences began to affect No. 2608 favorably. Arizona had taken thought to itself and moved the prison from torrid Yuma, far up the Gila Valley, to Florence—hot enough, the thermometer tells me on this July day, when it is 106 in the shade as I write—but not unhealthy. Here Eytinge, weighing 190 pounds and looking the picture of health, heard the physician pronounce him cured of tuberculosis.

In the prison at this time was a parole clerk with a great enthusiasm for his work. He had Eytinge taken from the chronic ward and assigned to duty with him. He called Eytinge friend, put his hand upon his shoulder, made him partner of his own enthusiasm for the paroled prisoners who were trying to make good. This gave Eytinge a new zest for life, and took some of the cynicism out of him, so that it began to seem a long time since he had regarded an honest man as a dub. In fact, he began to have respect for honesty.

Along in February, 1912, came the inauguration of Arizona's first Statehood Governor, George W. P. Hunt, and with it a complete change in prison policy. Governor Hunt was a very humane man with advanced

ideas on penology and scrupled not at all to put those ideas instantly into effect. For his prison warden he chose Robert B. Sims, who, though having no previous experience with criminals, was a clean young man of real strength of character, honest and willing to learn. He has proved a valuable executor of the new humanity represented by the Governor.

He Discovers Honesty

THE most important result of the new management, so far as Eytinge was concerned, was to take away the restrictions upon his mail privileges. It is the theory of the present administration, and its parole clerk, J. J. Sanders, that the more letters a prisoner can exchange with home and friends and the right kind of people generally the better it is for him. Such interchanges mean contentment and inspiration; they protect men from brooding; they give cause of hope from day to day and week to week that is invaluable in character building. Yet the majority of prisons in America restrict a convict in his letter writing to from one letter a week down to one in two or three months, while to some classes the privilege is altogether denied.

Through unlimited letters Eytinge was now permitted to thrust an ear into the stream of outside activities and to feel the tug of normal life currents.

For some time he had been subscribing for the business magazines, "Printers' Ink," "System," "Letters," and the like, and was studying especially the science of advertising. He found the same rules holding good there as in the writing of selling letters. The advertisement of power was the advertisement of honest goods honestly represented.

No other advertisement would pay in the long run. Of course Eytinge was not the discoverer of this idea, except for himself. What may be termed the evangelistic movement in advertising had been on for some years.

Eytinge had no part in bringing it about. He was still a crook when the theory was being grasped by leaders in the advertising world. But to watch that new tide rise gave a pleasurable sensation, like the sight of reinforcements, and strengthened his own determination to be honest for the sake of power.

Bursting the Shell of Cynicism

THROUGH correspondence he got in touch with some of the leaders in this movement. The convicts' letters were big with personality: they were full of amateurish fervor, but packed with well-ripened thought and salted with a wide-ranging faculty for friendship. Their recipients were surprised at letters emanating from a prison which struck blows in behalf of honesty. Most of these men unhesitatingly hailed Eytinge as a fellow spirit, though in prison. They gave him commissions to execute; they wrote, offering high-salaried positions the moment he was at liberty, and, to hasten that moment, they wrote the Governor of the State, urging his pardon.

Public recognition of the value of his writings also began to come. His articles on advertising science and some essays on character building were eagerly seized upon and printed in technical magazines. His writings upon penological subjects as well won high respect. Of his tract on the indeterminate sentence, a sociologist wrote:

"I have found no keener insight, no fuller structural knowledge, no more thorough understanding than in the pamphlet by the inmate of Arizona's prison at Florence."

Naturally all this greatly fed the prisoner's ambitions. It confirmed his intention to make his life snap and sparkle with the power that comes of basic integrity; and, besides, it gave him a wonderful sense of achievement. They had penned him up to die, and he would not die. They had put his body in prison, and now his mind was going everywhere. They sent him to jail, a crook, and lo, his voice was a power for honesty. He had himself deliberately thrown his life away, and now he was drawing it back again through prison bars and a slot in a mail box. To him it was all very wonderful and exciting. It was impossible that the man's throat should

not be lumpy at times over his satisfaction. He was beginning to rise—to conquer!

Still the soul of Eytinge was barely halter broken. He had discovered rare new powers within him, but they were like dynamite; they exploded with equal force in all directions. He stood greatly in need of friends who could be gun pointers and range finders, who would hold back his finger from the trigger till the barrel of his gun was drilled out with the riflings of self-control. And this sort of friendships were coming and had been for some time. McCrary, the old parole clerk, was a great help to him. Sanders, the new parole clerk, a man of seasoned wisdom, and the prisoner's complete opposite in temperament, holds his confidence and has helped him greatly in the battle for self-mastery. But two friends in particular from the outside have worked with him upon the drill ground of his soul, greatly to the advantage both of esprit and discipline.

The first of these was a woman, that frail human dynamo, Kate Barnard of Oklahoma, who has fought so many successful battles for the underdogs of our day. She came to Florence for a few weeks' rest as the house guest of Warden Sims, and while there did much to crack the shell of Eytinge, broadening and deepening his sympathies and chiseling still more of the cynicism out of his heart.

The Law of Service

AND then, most important of all, came Thomas Dreier, editor of "Associated Advertising" and "Character," riding into the life of Eytinge behind the flap of an envelope. Young man as he is, Dreier is a sort of priest of the Melchizedekian order in that esoteric group of writers of advertising philosophy who try to put soul and a spiritual ideal into the body of the ink-and-paper salesman.

To-day, when Eytinge sits down and casts up his debts to the world, he finds himself owing most to Dreier.

"Dreier," he says, "made me look up to the law of service—he taught me to give the best that was in me at all times—and it would bring the best from others."

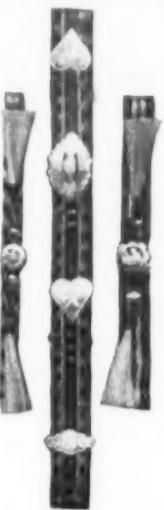
Strange words, are they not, to fall from the lips of a life termer? And yet they do not sound like cant. Eytinge spoke them soberly, reflectively, almost gropingly, as he was trying to explain his debt to Dreier. Here are some more which I quote from a letter of his:

"I believe that he who loves must climb, not so much for himself, but for the sake of those others on whose back he stood."

Of course it is possible for cynical persons still to question the genuineness of Mr. Eytinge's reform. It is not, however, possible to question the value of the service he is rendering to society. He is not exactly popular in prison. He is too brilliant, too different in his clay not to be envied, misunderstood, and sometimes opposed, and too impetuous in his nature not to be blamable for some of this himself. Yet there are abundant evidences that he has been of great service to his fellow prisoners. He taught them to standardize their output of curios and trinkets, and greatly enlarged the market for them.

Since the pot of his own higher aspirations began to simmer, he has been ready to help every man who could be helped by the sort of appeal Eytinge knows how to make. He has been a leading spirit in the Prisoners' Mutual Improvement League.

Eytinge has made considerable money for a prisoner these last few years. *Concluded on page 30*



A hatband of horsehair with silver rosettes



COMMENT ON CONGRESS

IT IS now reasonably probable that the present session of Congress, when it ends, will have disposed of the tariff and the currency issues. With these the Democratic party will have disposed of its easiest problems and ended its fair-weather period. With the beginning of the regular session on the first Monday in December the party must face what is really an epoch-making issue, an issue which, in the judgment of many thoughtful persons, marks the end of one economic period and the beginning of a new era in which some party or statesman must do pioneer work. Whether large units of industry shall be permitted to continue under Government regulation, or whether they shall be compelled to disintegrate into small units, is a question on which the people of the country are about equally divided. In handling this problem the Democratic party cannot expect to be backed up by any such preponderance of public opinion as they have been fortunate enough to have in the case of the tariff and the currency. Nor can President Wilson expect on the trust issue the unanimity of backing from his party in Congress which he has so far had. This question, when it comes up, may well be the occasion of a wholly new alignment in American politics. Just how mixed party opinion is on this issue is illustrated by the history of a single amendment which was attempted to be made to the tariff bill. Senator Gilbert M. Hitchcock of Nebraska, a Democrat, tried very hard to have the Democratic caucus adopt a prohibitive tax of 5 per cent on every corporation which does 25 per cent of all the business in its line, 10 per cent when the trust has achieved one-third of all the business, and 20 per cent when the trust has achieved one-half of all the business. This was intended, of course, to enforce competition arbitrarily. This suggested amendment from Senator Hitchcock was rejected by the Democratic caucus by a vote of 23 to 18. Senator Hitchcock felt so strongly about it that he broke away from the decision of the caucus and introduced his amendment into the Senate, an action which was very much frowned upon by his party associates. Senator John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, for example, said:

. . . The Democratic party in its own good time, and in the fullness of its wisdom, will deal with the trust problem. . . . But it is not going to make this bill the vehicle of all sorts of reformation, and it is not going to deal with a great problem like the trust problem in any barebrained manner. It is going to deal with it after full consideration and full hearings. There are several bills dealing with the trust question pending now, introduced by several gentlemen. Perhaps when the Democratic party comes to deal with that question it may avail itself of some of the propositions or some of the suggestions contained in this amendment. I do not know as to that. It will if it thinks it is wise. It will not if it thinks it is unwise. But it is not going to make this bill the vehicle for every manner of alleged reformation in some field or other.

Nevertheless the amendment was debated at length and finally came to a vote. Senator George Sutherland of Utah, who

By MARK SULLIVAN

is accounted a thoroughgoing Republican, indorsed the Democratic position of enforced competition:

I have always had this particular notion about these combinations—that even though the enforcement of unlimited competition should result in an increase of prices it would still be a desirable thing. The difficulty with a great combination which controls the output of a commodity is that it drives every aspiring man from the field. If it could be imagined that half a dozen great combinations, for example, should control the output of the staple commodities of the country, although they might cheapen the article to the consumer, and undoubtedly they would be able to cheapen the article to the consumer, I think we would pay too big a price for the cheapness in the discouragement which such a situation would give to everybody who might desire to embark in the particular lines of business represented by these great combinations and in the final breaking down to a greater or less extent of the opportunity for individual initiative and the stifling of individual development which would gradually but inevitably result.

That, from a Republican Senator, is a direct statement of the Democratic position on the trust question. On the other hand, Senator Sutherland's colleague, Reed Smoot, also a thoroughgoing Republican, dissented. One of the progressive Republicans, Senator Borah, took a neutral attitude:

. . . In 1898 we passed a tax which was designed to tax the output of the American Tobacco Company and the American Sugar Refining Company, and it is now known beyond peradventure that those two companies pass on that tax to the consumer. In addition to that we passed a corporation tax some two or three years ago. . . . I know some of us opposed it on the very ground that the corporations would pass the tax over to the consumer.

I could favor this proposition if I could be clear that it is so drawn as to prevent that being done in this case. . . . Unless there is some means by which to prevent the tax being passed over to the consumer, I am afraid it will not result in regulation.

Finally, when the vote came, such stand-pat Republican Senators as Gallinger of New Hampshire, Penrose of Pennsylvania, and Sutherland of Utah were found voting in favor of this Democratic doctrine of enforced competition, while such other Republicans as Smoot of Utah, Sherman of Illinois, and McLean of Connecticut voted against it. The amendment was defeated; but it and the whole issue, of which it is one suggested solution, will come up in December, and will cause that session of Congress to be the most vital of recent years.

The Caucus

A PART of the Democratic effectiveness at this session has been due to their caucus. They have on every important occasion held a caucus to determine what legislation should be passed, and in practically every case the decision of the caucus has been binding on all the members of the party. The Republicans have had a great deal to say in criticism of this course. As a matter of fact, the Aldrich way was very different and very much worse. Aldrich made up his tariff bills by private arrangements with each Republican Senator who was willing to submit

to his dictation, arranging that each Senator should have whatever he demanded in the bill, and in turn should vote for the bill as a whole. This was very different and very much more objectionable than the present Democratic caucus system. As Senator Williams of Mississippi said:

This is the first tariff bill in the history of this country where the bill was submitted to a full and free and fair discussion of every one of the dominant party in a free and fair caucus, where every man could be heard and where they merely obeyed the will of the party.

Nevertheless the caucus system, even in the form in which the Democratic party is now using it, is doomed and will not last beyond the present session. It is against the present spirit. It is not consistent with present-day ethics in politics. As Senator Hitchcock, a Democrat, said:

I believe the fact to be that our Democratic caucus degenerated into a political machine. . . . The nine Democratic members of the Committee on Finance voted as a unit, regardless of their convictions. So we have a wheel within a wheel, a machine within a machine. . . .

The coming regular session of Congress in December is likely to usher in an era of individual voting, and probably a complete demoralization of party lines. After a period of that kind there would normally result a new alignment more logical than the present one.

The Canker of Power

ANY student of politics must be interested in watching the Democratic party drift into the errors and troubles which attend the possession of power. In arranging for collectors, inspectors, and other officials to collect the income tax, the Democrats provided that they should be appointed without civil-service examinations. This gave the Republicans an opening in which they put the Democratic leaders in an obviously unpleasant position. Senator Lodge said:

That proviso, of course, is a perfectly unvarnished attempt to take all these offices out of the classified service and to make them the subject of political appointment and personal favoritism.

Senator Root of New York attacked both the caucus system and the repudiation of civil-service principles:

No reason has been given or can be given for . . . a return to the old method of making appointments without reference to merit, without selection upon examination. . . .

Mr. President, we have had here an exhibition not equaled in recent years of legislation through the method of party government. It is not my purpose to criticize the method adopted by the Democratic party in securing the full force of its party membership in the Senate by means of caucus action; but, sir, the exercise of the power of party government involves party responsibility, and I beg my friends upon the other side of the Chamber to realize that their action upon the method of constituting this new force for collecting the revenues of our Government will be the test—they cannot avoid its being made the test—of the sincerity of the Democratic party in its professions of adherence to the principles of civil-service reform. If they reject this amendment and insist upon the method they propose here of constituting this new force, they must be held to be insincere in the professions they have made and to have abandoned the merit system in American politics.



Holding a Town Meeting in the Metropolis

AN outdoor informal convention in the "Square" surprised New York City out of its metropolitan manners the other day; and Mayor William J. Gaynor, from the front porch of the City Hall, accepted a popular nomination to become an independent candidate for reelection. Our snapshot shows Mr. Gaynor with a shovel—his campaign emblem. The Mayor's secretary is reading to the crowd Mr. Gaynor's address of acceptance. This is the third ticket in the field, Tammany Democracy and Fusion being the other two.

A Carload of Governors

IF cables and cogs and brakes had failed and the carload of passengers in the photograph at the left had been hurled into a wild New Haven smash up, the fatality list would have included eighteen Governors, six wives of Governors, a Lieutenant Governor, and a director of the San Francisco Exposition. The snapshot was taken when some of the representatives attending the annual convention of Governors ascended Mount Manitou, Colorado. The group includes:

First Seat—Former Lieutenant Governor Fitzgerald of Colorado; Governor Ammons of Colorado; C. B. Brown, Director of exploitation of the Panama Pacific Exposition at San Francisco. *Second Seat*—Governor and Mrs. McDonald of New Mexico; Governor Haines of Maine. *Third Seat*—Governor and Mrs. Hodges of Kansas. *Fourth Seat*—Governor and Mrs. Carey of Wyoming; Governor Miller of Delaware. *Fifth Seat*—Governor and Mrs. Spry of Utah. *Sixth Seat*—Governor Byrne of South Dakota; Ex-Governor A. W. Gilchrist of Florida; Governor Hatfield of West Virginia. *Seventh Seat*—Governor McGovern of Wisconsin; Governor Hunt of Arizona; Governor Dunne of Illinois. *Eighth Seat*—Ex-Governor and Mrs. Adams of Colorado; Lieutenant-Governor Wallace of California. *Ninth Seat*—Governor Colquitt of Texas; Governor and Mrs. Slaton of Georgia. *Tenth Seat*—Colonel and Mrs. Fred Paxon of Georgia; Governor Ernest Lister of Washington. *Eleventh Seat*—Governor Simeon E. Baldwin of Connecticut; Governor and Mrs. Stewart of Montana.

Smashing an Archery Record That Stood 119 Years

A MEMORABLE summer in sport has one more new champion to honor. A record that had stood since 1794 was broken when W. Ingo Simon, an Englishman, shot an arrow a distance of more than a quarter of a mile. The official measurement of the new mark was 459 yards. This achievement is pointed out as a result of the recently revived interest in one of the oldest and most scientific of sports. Another achievement of modern archery, fully as remarkable as this feat of Mr. Simon's, was that of an American, Henry B. Richardson, when he entered the "Ancient Serotonin Arrow" contest in England a few years ago and made the highest tournament score that had been recorded in the Serotonin's books in 234 years.

In the past ten years the number of archers has steadily increased. A generation ago the sport had almost as many followers in America as golf; and some of the modern enthusiasts are confident that this popularity is returning. These lovers of archery say that no truer sentence ever was written than that penned by Maurice Thompson in 1879:

"So long as the new moon returns in heaven a bent, beautiful bow, so long will the fascination of archery keep hold of the hearts of men."

"The bow," Thompson wrote, "is the old first lyre, the monochord, the initial rune of fine art, and is as inseparably connected with the history of culture as are the alphabets of the learned languages. The humanities grew from archery as a flower from a seed. No sooner did the soft, sweet note of the bowstring charm the ear than music was born, and from music came poetry and painting and sculpture."

A Portrait of the Victor in the Elgin Road Race

A BENT toward impressionism is apparent in the accompanying speed-camera snapshot—reproduced in the circle below—of the winner of this year's Elgin National Road

Race. Gil Anderson had to drive his Stutz car at the rate of $71\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour for 302 miles to win. The snapshot shows the car passing at top speed. Anderson has been known as a "champion hard-luck driver," and this race is the first important win of his career. He broke the record for the event and finished nearly seven minutes ahead of Ralph Mulford, second-place man, who was winner of the race in 1910.

A Woman Operates Railway and Steamship Lines

IN a recent play we see a woman bank president running for the office of Mayor of her town. This is fiction. In Georgia a flesh-and-blood woman is to be elected president of the Georgia, Florida & Alabama Railroad, a 250-mile line.

She is Mrs. Jessie P. Williams, widow of a Southern business man who died recently. So able was her management of his extensive interests—a steamship line, large tracts of timber land, and several farms, besides the railroad—during her husband's illness that the directors of the road believe they have found the best successor to their late president in his wife. The value of her estate is said to be close upon \$10,000,000.

Children of the King on a Joy Ride

ANYONE who has been thrilled in one of the many varieties of "shoot the chutes" or "loop the loop" railways will know precisely how these children of the King of England—Prince Albert and the Princess Mary—felt. The surprising thing is that Queen Mary, their mother, who is said to be particularly careful of her children's goings and comings, should have allowed the journey depicted below, for accidents in these inclined plane railways are not impossible. The Imperial Services Exhibition at Earls Court, the object of the princely visit and occasion for the "joy ride," this year takes the place of the "Shakespeare's England" exhibition, which proved so popular last year.

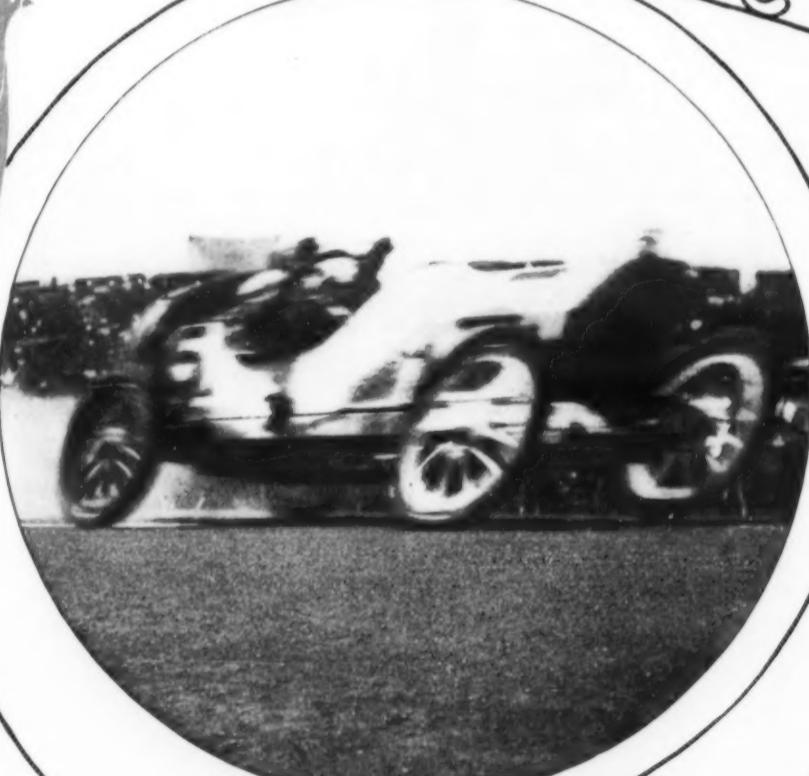
Snapped in Action



A Southern railway president



W. Ingo Simon, record smasher



The winner at Elgin



Royal joy riders



Editorial Comment

Ferment

ONE YEAR AGO there were three candidates for Governor of Massachusetts, representing the three powerful parties—Democratic, Progressive, Republican. To-day two of these candidates are in different parties. WALKER, Republican candidate of a year ago, has turned Progressive. FOSS, Democratic candidate of a year ago, is now in the Republican party. Nothing could better illustrate the ferment in American politics. Out of it in the course of time a definite alignment will come.

Complicated

IT IS NOT EASY to be clear about the Sulzer-Tammany feud in New York. We have already made it plain that we look upon SULZER as of hopelessly flabby fiber. But it is also true that the enemy whose vigilant pursuit has brought about his present plight is Tammany. And Tammany is much worse than SULZER. Where SULZER is merely a weak poseur, Tammany is a very powerful and active force for evil. It is because of this, we think, that a good deal of sympathy for SULZER is being shown throughout New York State. But knowledge of this difference between SULZER and Tammany need not lead to the wish for SULZER to win in the impeachment proceedings. SULZER's conviction will not increase Tammany's power in New York State. The man to succeed SULZER as Governor would be MARTIN GLYNN, and GLYNN is no tool of Tammany. All that Tammany can make out of it is revenge for the past. It will not get any future grip on New York State.

Steel Cars and Railway Slaughter

THE MORNING AFTER the last New Haven wreck the press was lurid with demands for steel cars. Steel cars are necessary, because they render accidents somewhat less fatal. But the hue and cry for steel cars may be very harmful, for all that, if it fills the public and the legislative mind with the foolish notion that such equipment will prevent railway slaughter. Indeed, in some future wreck these steel cars, which are conductors of electricity, may result, in connection with a third rail or an overhead wire, in a tragedy of wholesale electrocution not pleasant to think about. But that is another story. The only thing which will prevent that is good railroading. Wrecks happen on almost all railways; but wrecks on the shocking American scale of frequency and loss of life are caused by only one thing. That thing is railway incompetence. It may be incompetence in training and managing men. It may be incompetence in allowing greed for dividends to forestall needed improvements in track and equipment. It may be financial incompetence. But it is incompetence. These wrecks prove by ghastly and overwhelming evidence that the railway managements of the United States have not had the brains and the integrity to develop their roads with the growth of the nation on safe lines. Railways in other lands have no such horrible array of deaths and wounds. Whatever may be said of the superiority of the American railway in some regards, so long as this thing continues it is a failure, and the system of private ownership stands hopelessly condemned.

Why Not?

IF CONGRESS can make interstate traffic in women a crime, and the Mann White Slave Act applies to the cases of DIGGS and CAMINETTI, why shouldn't Congress make interstate traffic in the product of child labor a crime? This suggestion of one of our correspondents is not so unpractical as it sounds. Let it set you to thinking. Legally, it is not yet a crime in most States to rob little children of the right to grow up. Morally, it is as criminal as trade in women's virtue. Sometimes the issue is less clearly black and white; that is all the difference.

A Forecast

INEXPRESSIVENESS is the cardinal fault of our theatre. The typical "popular" play of to-day not only fails to represent American life, but does not even mimic it successfully. At most it offers a patchy travesty of the paltriest phases of our national character: a sort of hodgepodge of incoherent Cohanism shot through with the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner." For those who believe that the stage may rise from its present status of a dollar-in-the-slot ma-

chine without conscience or real intelligence, and become an educational and inspirational force, PERCY MACKAYE'S vivid and suggestive volume, "The Civic Theatre," will stand at once as creed and guide-post. Repertory theatres, experimental theatres, and municipal stock companies have been tried with varying success. What Mr. MACKAYE advocates is far in advance of these: a theatre publicly and lastingly endowed, under the management of a permanent staff of artists, recruiting its forces from the public which owns it, and giving the best at a price within the reach of all. Popular education, he believes, would create a popular demand for plays of genuine artistry and merit.

From ocean to ocean a mighty chain of theatres, State and municipal. Forty or more State theatres—from the Theatre of California to the Theatre of Massachusetts—publicly endowed on the precedent of Wisconsin University. A thousand municipal theatres—from the Theatre of San Francisco to the Theatre of Boston—publicly endowed on the precedent of the College of the City of New York. Lending and harmonizing these, one national theatre at Washington, endowed by the Federal Government.

Thus Mr. MACKAYE'S vision. Would his plan, if established, supplant the commercial theatre? He thinks not. But he believes the commercial managers would, by reason of improved public standards of judgment and taste, be forced to raise their own standards, both of art and ethics. Not the least interesting suggestion of the book is that, wherever possible, these theatres be endowed under the trusteeship of adjacent universities. Since a college professor has become President of the United States, "academic" is less a term of derision than formerly. A future is well within the possibilities, wherein the managers who decide for us what plays we may have opportunity of seeing will be men of culture, reading, and trained thought instead of ex-prize-fight conductors and graduates of the betting ring.

Woman's Dress

NEVER within our living memory has woman's dress been more attractive than it is to-day. The soft lines, the tunic-like garments, loose and open at the throat, surely make for a comfort to which woman is too often a stranger. Barring certain small exaggerations, it is all fairly simple, too, and vastly more becoming than most of the fashions of yesteryear. Our masculine perception may be much clouded, but should not these three points—comfort, attractiveness, simplicity—be the cardinal ones in dress? Until the age of paper clothes, foretold by BELLAMY, arrives, the present fashion seems a very passable interregnum. We only wish that woman, so active and alert in her more than dawning independence, were firm and independent enough to hold to a fashion that is good until she is certain of a better—and not foolishly, sheepishly, yield to a worse.

The Silly Season

THE SUMMER has won the name of "silly season" among journalists. Then it is that a maximum of folly finds its way into print. The past summer has, however, been put to profitable uses by two Chicago newspapers. The editor of the "Record-Herald" has conducted a symposium upon the best way of reporting baseball. He has published in parallel columns, extremely slangy and what he calls "less boisterous" accounts of the same games, and has called for opinions. Quite naturally one finds the baseball professionals praising "straight English," and the professors of English composition pleading for picturesque, colorful style. Out of 3,930 ballots, 2,004 declared in favor of "dictionary English." Of course there is some slang in the best dictionaries, and no one would want to read baseball news that sounded like an obituary notice; but the Chicago fans would apparently like to see some reasonable restraint in their favorite pabulum, and advocate the coining of fewer nicknames for the players. The best newspapers long ago gave up the more grotesque kind of sporting "literature." To our taste, the imagination of MR. GRANTLAND RICE fills the bill. "If it isn't clear, it isn't French," runs the proverb. Likewise, "If it isn't understandable, it isn't ball." Yet we agree with the University of Chicago professor who protests against the dictionary ideal: "It would be pretty tame, reporting baseball without slang."

—And Wisdom

MEANTIME the editor of the Chicago "Tribune" has sent letters to all the clergymen of his city, asking them what are the ten wisest sayings of SOLOMON—SOLOMON being chosen as "the wisest man



who ever lived." Four hundred replies were received, and a great majority of them started off with Proverbs xvi, 32:

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

Another text to receive many votes was the familiar:

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

One of the clergymen adds, however, another proverb, which he dedicates to the Prohibitionists:

Better is it that thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay.

The same teacher recommends this caution to "some suffragettes":

As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion.

We should unhesitatingly reprint here all ten of the sayings of SOLOMON voted wisest by the Chicago clergy but for one consideration: some of those who read them here might then say to themselves: "If these are the wisest, they are enough; there is no need of bothering with the rest." As a matter of fact, the rest are well worth "bothering with." There are no "ten wisest sayings" when all is said. Almost all that SOLOMON inscribed has stood the test of time, and at different moments now this, now that teaching seems the most pointed. Nowhere is so much said in such small space as in the Proverbs by the old Hebrew King. Part of SOLOMON's wisdom consisted in knowledge of his own limitations:

There be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four which I know not:

The way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea; and the way of a man with a maid.

But SOLOMON needs nothing of our praise. AS JEHOVAH says to JOB (in the Douay version):

Who is this that wrappeth up sentences in unskillful words?

Cynical Frankness

FRANK is the "Tammany Times." Few persons are likely to have seen the recent issue of this periodical, which contains an article headed, "President Doing Well in Handing Out Pie." The article explains that, with all the difficulties of the extra session on his hands, Mr. WILSON has been slow, but not slower than Mr. CLEVELAND during the corresponding period of his second term, "in removing Republicans in order that Democrats might have a chance to get at the public crib." Even so, the President has disappointed "many very worthy citizens" in standing by Mr. ROOSEVELT's civil-service order in regard to consulships. This criticism is worth reproducing:

President WILSON appears to be a firm believer in what is called the "merit system." . . . No surprise is expressed that President WILSON takes that view of the matter. He has for years been consistent in his profession of civil service reform. Nearly every man who has been connected with the management of a college or university believes in the same thing. Most people who advocate the "spoils system" are commonly dominated "machine" politicians. Information which reaches Washington is that a great many of the politicians are kicking because the Republican consuls appointed by ROOSEVELT and TAFT are going to be retained by the Wilson Administration. *Not so much is heard as to what the people who are not politicians think about it.*

The italics are ours, but they are scarcely necessary. And perhaps it is equally unnecessary to add that there are *more* persons who are "not politicians," much though the office seekers are in evidence. This is, by the way, an Administration for several kinds of citizens—not a politicians' Administration. If the people who are not politicians expressed any opinion at all, they would urge that the President, far from throwing out all Republican consuls, extend the merit system to the higher diplomatic posts. But the millennium is not yet.

Balances

READERS FREQUENTLY PROTEST that COLLIER'S is illogical in its antagonism to liquor, since it accepts the advertisements of smoking tobacco. Smoking, they say, is a habit as much as drinking, and deleterious in a lesser degree only. True enough. Coffee and tea also inspire habit, harmful habit in many cases. Yet nobody—except, perhaps, that lofty purist of the breakfast table, Mr. Post of Postum fame—would protest against the sale and use of these beverages. Eating to excess is a habit with many worthy, if gluttonous, people. Giving the word its radical and not its limited meaning, there is probably quite as much intemperance in eating as in drinking, though the results are neither as obvious nor as disastrous. Almost any exercise of the human functions may, by excess, become a baneful habit. It remains, therefore, for the person who is called upon

to establish ethical standards for himself and others to answer this fundamental question: Does the good outweigh the harm, or vice versa? In the case of liquor and drugs there is no room for doubt in our mind. Here the harm is profound and of infinite scope. The pleasure derived from the use of alcohol by the man who is able to control his appetite is as nothing compared to the social ruin wrought by the drink habit. With tobacco it is different. Admitting frankly that nicotine is a poison, and that smoking is a habit of considerable tenacity, we believe, nevertheless, that in a great majority of instances the adult male who uses the "weed" derives from it more benefit than damage—the benefit of a recurrent pleasure, the benefit of soothed nerves, the benefit of that subtle and philosophical calm which helps to dissipate petty troubles and annoyances with the smoke as it rises, fades, and is gone. Life is based on compromise, says the diplomat. Let us say rather that it is based on an adjusted balance of good and ill, and let us give, in determining that balance, due weight to those pleasures which, if they work some minor harm upon ourselves, make for the general good by sweetening life for us and thus rendering us more kindly, temperate, and tolerant toward the world in which we live.

"Jean-Christophe"

WHEN TOLSTOY DIED, a silence fell. What world voice was there to be waited for? There were dramatists a few and poets who played vigorous airs and plaintive airs. But where was the man to render life largely? Who now could make us say: "There goes my life, with its ups and downs, the tremors of youth, and the disillusion, and the heart of endurance?" And there is the total life itself, with its stupidities and injustice, the humiliations that wreck our courage, the sudden sight of beauty on a child's face and on the face of the aged, the recurrent springtime with its lilacs and brave changes." From France the answer comes. ROMAIN ROLLAND has given us "Jean-Christophe." ROLLAND is not another TOLSTOY, but he has sat at the feet of the master, worshiped the right heroes and the true gods. He has given us a man from birth to death, in petty episodes and great moments, in love, work, creation. He has shown us the world of our time—its restlessness, its strange new hopes, its shallow tumult, its reckless progress. He has rendered chance pictures of stupid loyal persons, "just people," the broken, the bitter, the hardworking, the treacherous, the indifferent, the friendly, the folk who go the pilgrimage with us through all the days that make the years.

What Does the Small Town Say to This?

SUPPOSE for one year the country town should devote to the liquor question the same amount of earnest thought and action which it expends every year on Old Home Week and the County Fair. Results would be astonishing. Such progress would be worth the sacrifice of the pumped-up good-fellowship for one year. The social gatherings are commendable in supplying an actual need, but why not concentrate effort on the hardest problem for once? The energy now spent in back slapping would hit booze hard.

Enchantment

A COMPANY OF INDIANS have been traveling about for a few years rendering "Hiawatha" in the summer months. They choose a spot of unoccupied land near a large city and enact their play in the open air. During this summer they have camped in New York City. They have had a plateau on a wooded hill, a tiny lake, the night birds winging through the trees, and guttural frogs for chorus to the troupe. They have shown war dance and wooing, hunting and wedding march, funeral procession and holy fire—a stately ceremonial, carrying the tones of shouting and chanting and the gesture and color of action several hundred yards to ear and eye. It was the true magic. No pasteboard scenery caged those six-foot braves and tawny maidens. The swift surge of birch-bark canoes through the silent pool was lovelier motion than that of mechanical swans in an operatic "Lohengrin." If a tepee was the scene, it was a real tepee which later that very night would shelter a family. When the lines of the drama send HIAWATHA out into the woods to hunt, it is to veritable woods he hastens. And, finally, it is easy to believe that HIAWATHA has gone into a far country, as far as "The Passing of Arthur" carried the King, when the night of darkness, that wraps the audience round, receives the Indian chieftain and ends the play. Our summer nights are full of beauty, and our Indian folklore is rich in story. It ought to be possible to lead out and unfold under the sky an ever lengthening mythology till we immigrants learn to value the poetry of these our predecessors.



A Mountainside Extends a Welcome

ONE of the simplest and most impressive of the many decorations that welcomed the triennial conclave of Knights Templar to Colorado was a huge cross erected by the citizens of Manitou

on the side of Red Mountain. The decoration was 450 feet long and 350 in width, and was conspicuous from the plains for many miles. The conclave was held in Denver. The Manitou visit was a side trip.



"The Most Striking Figure in the World To-day"

ANDREW CARNEGIE'S recent declaration at The Hague that, "surveying the world to-day, the most striking figure seen is the German Emperor," might have as its corollary:

"And, appropriately enough, he is also the most photographed figure."

To achieve originality nowadays in a photograph of the Kaiser is next to impossible. One undaunted snap-shooter scored a small triumph a few weeks ago by arranging this photographic composition in which the frame for the portrait of the most photographed man in the world is a pair of young Germans standing on their heads. The

snapshot was taken at an athletic exhibition in Berlin.

Mr. Carnegie's advice to the Kaiser to invite the leading civilized nations to confer upon the best means to secure world peace was resented by a few of the German newspapers as somewhat "presumptuous." The "Tagblatt" says that Mr. Carnegie's suggestions are those of a novice and comments:

"Carnegie thinks three or four powers could stop war by agreement. Lately we have seen how even six powers together tried to pacify disturbances in the Balkans, but the Balkan States had no notion of letting themselves be interfered with."



Combining "Burgoo" and "Book Learning": A Kentucky Educational Barbecue

EVERY Kentuckian interested in agriculture was invited to attend J. N. Camden's "educational barbecue" in Versailles, Ky., a few weeks ago. Nearly 20,000 took advantage of the

opportunity to enjoy an old-time outdoor dinner and to hear experts discuss farm questions. Our photograph shows the cooks at work in Mr. Camden's woods pasture. They roasted 10,000 pounds

of meat over the hot coals (119 fat sheep and 6,000 pounds of beef) and prepared 500 gallons of burgoo, "a broth of meat and vegetables, seasoned with pepper and Kentucky whisky."

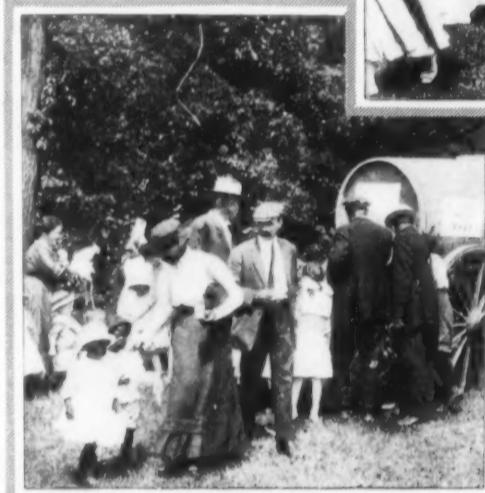
A Utopian Successor to the County Fair



An obstacle race was one of the field day's many lively games. Real sport displaced the amusements that usually are furnished by fakers and vulgar side shows.



A new feature of the field day this year was a pageant of Dutchess County suffragists



The water wagon (no metaphor!) provided free ice water

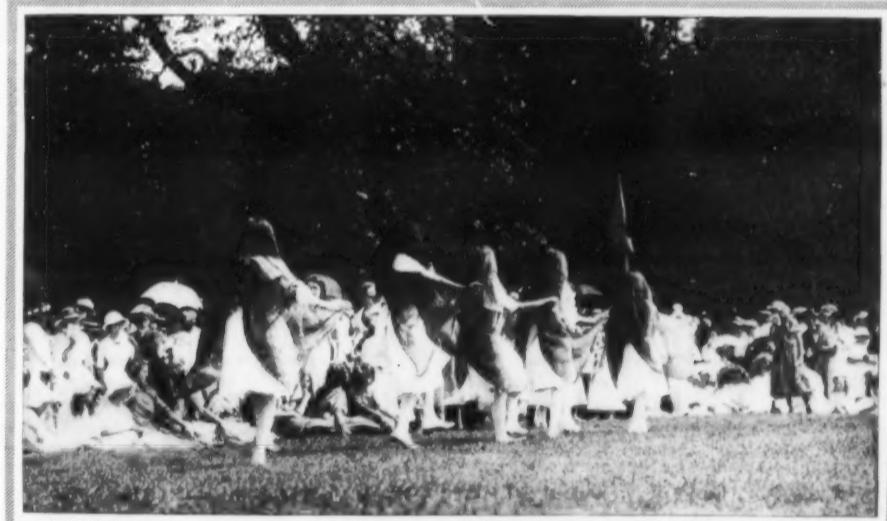
IMAGINATION would be put to a severe test if it tried to picture the Amenia (N. Y.) Field Day in terms of the old-fashioned county fair. No matter how skillfully pieced together, no patchwork of memories of nineteenth-century country festivals would serve to suggest the spirit of this modern "experiment in cooperative rural recreation." Amenia demands a clean canvas.

Try, for example, to make a mental picture of a country harvest festival at which there are no catch-penny side shows, no barkers or ballyhoo men, no fakers, no invitations to lay a bet upon the whereabouts of the pea that glides from shell to shell. Intoxicating drinks and every form of gambling are absent; and commercialized amusements find no space at their disposal. In contrast with other fairs, where the visitor is besieged all day with invitations to "blow" his money, Amenia offers its show for nothing. It is just a field day. The public attends to play and be amused—"a free day of wholesome recreation."

The promoters of this Utopian successor to the county fair still describe the festival as an "experiment" and modestly say that "it is part of a nationwide effort to add to the social attractiveness of country life, on the principle (as enunciated in the first year's program) that *'you have got to make the country as attractive socially as the city, if you want to keep the young folks on the farms.'*"

Free Amusements for 10,000 Visitors

Though more than three times as many persons took part in this year's field day as appeared at the first one, the original idea has not been changed, and the gathering has not yet become unwieldy. In 1910 the attendance was estimated at 3,000, in 1911 at 5,000, in 1912 at 8,000, and this year it exceeded 10,000. The managers resorted this time to the tactics of the three-ring circus: placed a band at either end of Professor J. E. Springarn's big meadow in the Berkshire foot-



On the lawn 100 schoolgirls danced folk dances

hills, and at intervals between the bands judiciously scattered the various attraction centers.

Suffrage and Alfalfa

The photographs on this page describe some of the most picturesque scenes of this year's festival. A pageant of Dutchess County suffragists, led by Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch of New York and Miss Helen Todd of San Francisco, was a new feature. On a lawn under the trees 100 little girls danced folk dances. There was baseball, of course, and various other field contests for the athletes. One of the free amusements was a Punch and Judy show. F. H. Lacy of the Dutchess County Farm Bureau and James Findley of the State Department of Agriculture gave an agricultural demonstration. Alfalfa growing was its chief topic.

Amenia is a rural community of nearly 1,000 inhabitants. It is 85 miles from New York City and 27 miles from the nearest large neighbor — Poughkeepsie, which has a population of 27,000.



Borrowed from the past—a Punch and Judy show

A Put-up Job

By Ed Cahn

ILLUSTRATED BY W. J. GLACKENS

LOOK at Lorraine, will you, Manners? The old gravedigger is as pleased with himself as a feller that gets away without tipping the waiter. He must have had his harpoon into somebody to-day." Thus spoke Tex Maloney to Arthur Manners.

"Uh, huh. He's grinning away like a shark in the wake of a disabled tramp; and it takes a sudden death to make him smile. Gee, I wonder if the chef is going to dish me on that lobster Newburg I ordered for the good sport I got in No. 12."

"Don't let him know that you want it extra nice or he'll dose in too much red pepper on you and queer your order. Corderre's a foxy froggie; all them Frenchmen are; he can ruin a dish in such a way that the poor lollipop that's paying for it can't tell what's wrong with it and has to keep it, and if he eats it he gets a grouch and stings the waiter, and if he don't eat it he goes away hungry and hands the waiter a dime."

"Even a dime is better than a kick in the eye, my boy," said Manners philosophically. Then he lifted his voice and addressed the haughty lord of the kitchen. "Hi, chef! How about my lobster dope? No hurry. I'll skate around and get my other truck, but if I can have it in five minutes I'll be 'bliged.'

The chef stared at him fixedly, but made no answer except for a sudden elevation of his heavy eyebrows, followed by a sort of facial shrug expressive of supremest indifference. Maloney went on, leaving Manners to solve his own problems.

"Look here now, chef," said the helpless Manners. "I want a good Newburg; none of your cheese soup with a couple of dinky pieces of lobster floating around in it, such as a man needs a good strong spy-glass to see. I'm getting tired of having folks send me back with things. If this Newburg isn't O. K., my man will tell me to have that lobster swim through it again."

The chef smiled insolently and sprinkled in a scant half cupful of the diced fish—the remainder he put back on the table with an air of finality that was fairly maddening. "Tree meenets now, and ett iss made. Come back in tree meenets." He turned to superintend the doings of one of his many minions at his elbow.

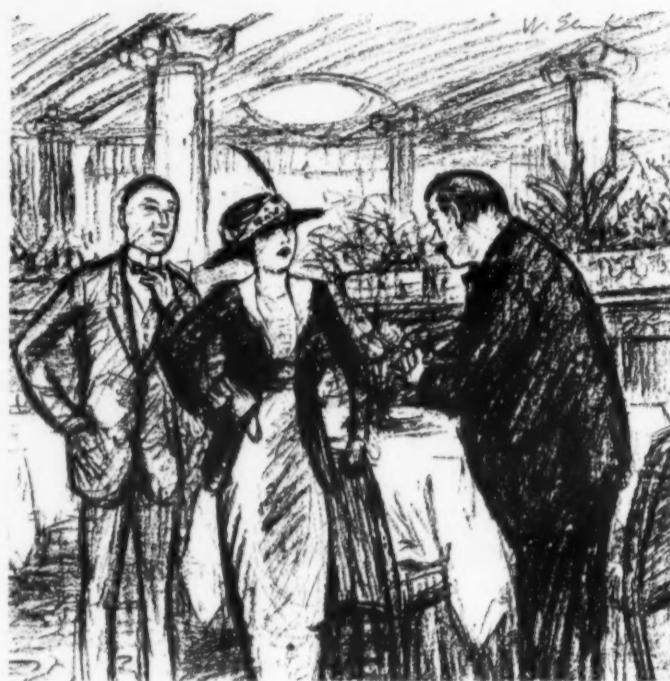
Manners acknowledged that the game was all against him. Besides, it had been over a week since he had contributed, and he could not hope to escape much longer. He put a reluctant hand into his pocket and pulled out a half dollar. "Chef!" There was surrender in his voice.

Corderre was in no great hurry to turn around, but he did finally, his greasy yellow face scowling.

"Have a good cigar on me," said Manners, and slid the coin across the serving ledge, where it disappeared instantaneously into the pocket somewhere concealed in the voluminous folds of Corderre's white trousers.

THE chef smiled; he was always generous in victory. His little, jet-black mustache was lost beneath his Napoleonic nose; his glistening beads of eyes were almost obscured behind folds of flesh; and his large mouth stretched and stretched until it disturbed his fat jowls, and they in turn pushed up his ears. His fine white teeth gleamed whiter than ever in the cavernous depths of his red mouth and against the yellow of the rest of him. "Tenk you, M. Manners; I need ze mon." He picked up the lobster and turned in more until the dish was perfect, a more than generous portion. Expertly he added to the sauce and put in the seasoning. Manners moved off, satisfied but plucked.

At the pantry he was jostled by Lorraine, the oldest waiter, grown first-gray, and then bald, and now all but decrepit in the service of Maximum's Café. He was a crabbed, sharp-tongued, adroit manipulator of circumstances to his own profit. The other waiters, especially those employed upstairs with him in caring for those parties dining or roistering in private dining rooms, hated him for his mean practices and his wealth—for he was frugal and a shrewd investor—and it must be confessed were a little jealous of his skill as a waiter. For all his slowness, which was more apparent than real, he served his customers with as great alacrity as any man among them. He was skillful, tips never failed him, and



She would forever shake the dust of Maximum's from her silken skirts if the fat, middle-aged waiter who sometimes gave her fatherly lectures did not return immediately

his one amusement seemed to be to flick those about him with the lash of his sarcastic tongue. He was unscrupulous and dishonest, and he had the wicked knack of making his juniors ashamed of their own good qualities. If any of the boys did another a good turn or chipped in for any of the hundred and one appeals for help constantly addressed to waiters as the biggest hearted class of men in the known world, that man would go to absurd lengths to keep Sig Lorraine from hearing of it.

MANNERS reached the pantry in time to see Lorraine push aside a shy lad from Bavaria and ruthlessly seize for himself the combination salad the boy was just receiving. The pantry man, who also was from Bavaria, had taken extra pains with that salad as a favor to the youngster, and Lorraine, noticing it, had hung about until it should be finished. He pushed himself in suddenly, and, elbowing Maloney and treading upon the sore feet of Jim Fitch, succeeded in snatching it away without trouble. He trotted away before any of them had time to protest, and was lost in the crush of men, all clamoring for orders, each one intent upon his own business and anxiously minding it lest some greedy hand should snatch a cherished dish.

The steward happened to see Lorraine's theft, but instead of calling him to account, he berated the boy. "Say, don't stand there gawping! Take a salad and beat along! You're keeping your order waiting! Speed up there! Watch what you're doing after this! Do ye take this kitchen for a Sunday school? You got to watch your stuff! Get along now. Get!" The boy turned red, but did as he was bid, his nervous young hands shaking.

Maloney turned to the steward hotly. "Dog-gone it, Schneider! That's the way with you Dutchmen! Holler at the kids, by damn!"

"You mind your own business," snapped Schneider.

"For a cent I'd paste you with this endive!" said Tex.

"Forget it, Maloney. What's the use of wasting good food on another fellow's fight? Come along. Don't you hear Cap'n Ashton bellowing up there for you?" Manners was peacemaker. Through the whirling venti-

lator came the sudden strains of a hurdy-gurdy, busy at a tune so light-hearted that the Furies themselves must have dropped ill-feeling and turned their attention to whistling it, as Maloney did. He catch stepped gayly after Manners, his red head bent aside to accommodate the bulging tray, his little young body undulating like some upright panther's. He winked at the pale little girl at the liver-and-bacon grill, and even had a good-natured word and a grin for his natural enemy, the checker.

WHAT makes Lorraine grin like that? It's something I'd like to know." Manners's voice was fretful as he toiled after buoyant Maloney up the long flight of stairs leading from the kitchen to the second floor, where they served.

"What do you want to know for? Don't you know enough sorrowful things?"

"Sure I do, but he grins like the joke is on us somehow."

"Nothing new about that; no joke is a joke to Sig Lorraine unless it's on somebody. But if you've got a burr in your shirt, you've got to get it out, I s'pose. Shall we lay for him and see what new murder he's done?"

"You bet." Manners stopped and knocked at the door of one of the small dining rooms. "Get Bill Frawley for the job too, Tex." He disappeared, and Maloney did likewise a few doors down the velvet-carpeted hall.

Lorraine could not have suspected that Manners was anxious to know the cause of his mirth, for he made an opportunity to tell him, instead of getting additional pleasure out of teasing him by keeping it secret for a time.

They were in the service bar waiting for a little rush at the front to subside. Lorraine rested his head on his elbows and looked at Manners with his sly, sidelong glance just as Lopez, closely followed by Frawley, came up. The old man waited until all were well within range of his cracked falsetto. "Say, Manners, your missionary friend don't seem to be making good. Not much in rescue work, I gather." He laughed and added ruminatively: "It never pays interest on the investment to snoop into other people's affairs. No, he's down and out! And all because he couldn't keep his hands off what didn't concern him."

"Who couldn't?" asked Lopez, who as yet was not fully acquainted with Sig Lorraine.

"You've got his job. A fellow named Butterfield—punk waiter. Mr. Maximum told me himself that he couldn't understand Captain Ashton's keeping him on or the head waiter's standing for it."

"Go on, knock! You've got a right to—you're the head knocker of the Knockers' Union!" said Manners with frank venom. "Where'd you see Butterfield lookin' down and out? He ain't down and out, and I'll gamble on it. But if he should be, it would be because some grafter like you is at the bottom of it, you old chicken hawk!"

"Hee, hee, hee!" snickered Lorraine, "serves him right! I caught him interfering with another man's girl—there you are! Just like that!" He made a motion suggestive of a chicken's neck being wrung, and washed his withered old hands in invisible gore, gloatingly.

The disgusted boys saw that he was boasting of his share in Butterfield's downfall.

THE bartender dispensing the liquor they were waiting for, Frawley hastened off without a word, and Manners did likewise.

Lopez felt himself suddenly an interloper, thanks to Lorraine's tones, and hesitated about going his way with his wine and its cooler.

Lorraine dawdled about as though all night was at his disposal. "Oh, say," he called suddenly after Manners, "you'd better take up a collection for your friend Butterfield. He's broke,



and I know for a fact that he slept on a bench last night. Guess it will be one while before he stings me out of five dollars on a stacked deck again."

"Any time Sol Butterfield stacks the cards and does a crooked deal, I want to know it. He's not built that way! You're a fine one to talk about cheating! Who was it but yourself that cheated Miss Mercier out of five and Buttercakess—Oh, life's too short!"

MANNERS turned and hurried after Frawley, clutching his arm with a sudden inspiration.

"Bum! We ought to be kicked. We never looked no farther than the end of our noses. The head waiter an' Lorraine an' everybody slings out a few hints about how Butterchips gets gay with a guest's lady friend, an' all his pals ain't got no more sense than to think what they hear is so; an' everybody says of Butterpats had a right to be more careful an' not get caught. I bet the whole thing was a put-up job of Lorraine's!"

"Who ever knew good ol' Butter to fool around with a skirt? Why, he's got tons too much good sense; he likes important things. Gee, what that guy can tell you about the other side, an' all them scientific things, would make your hair fall out! Can't you see how the cards lay? That time Miss Mercier was short

on her cash we boys chips in an' fixes her up for the missing five—and Butterfield thought Lorraine had her five spot, so he gets up a game an' wins it away from him an' makes him come through. Course then Lorraine, the old Apache, had it in for Buttercup an' gets him fired—see?"

"The thing to do," said Frawley competently, "is to go put it up straight to Miss Mercier. I know she knows something about it from how mad she was when she heard Butterfield was canned. Thank God she's not a cat like the Rindley woman downstairs, but a real gentleman of a girl. She'll open up when she finds we are on the square about this."

"I'm going to beat up that feller if he's down on his luck an' never let me know. Sleepin' on a bench! Don't that beat everything? A feller like him—a fine waiter! How is it that he didn't get another job?" Manners answered his own question: "This town's flooded with waiters since the big fair; the guy that invented waiting couldn't land a job now, so that's nothing against Butterballs. But he's got to have a job quick."

"Whose gotta have a job?" said Tommie Gresh, panting by with an overloaded tray.

"Butterchips."

"That's right. I mighty near run over him on my

motorcycle comin' to work. Looks awfully seedy; says he ain't working; his stomach is on the bum again, poor devil. Ouch! This load weighs more than a portable house; it's busting my neck!" He tottered on, but turned around again. "Something's gotta be done."

CAPTAIN ASHTON was surprised to see Manners march up to him, click his heels together, and salute him in true military mode, but he recovered instantly and frowned in a manner which he believed truly Czarlike. "What would you, varlet?"

"I would that you send Lorraine down to the main room, my lord captain, if they want any help this evening. 'The Sinful Six,' which is only five, since Butterseotch got let out, has important business on hand for when it slacks off up here, an' if old Sig is out of the way, it will get did much better—Sabe?"

Ashton swung round in his chair and looked at his waiter chart, then he put his head in at Miss Mercier's cash wicket. "Call up and ask the head waiter if he needs a man, Miss Mercier. Tellum I can spare one any time soon."

Manners waited, and soon his ears were gladdened by the news that there was use for an extra hand in the main dining room. He (Continued on page 31)

Nerve

By William Slavins

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE PORTER HOSKINS

THE wind and sleet of a December storm had rendered navigation in the plank street of the little town huddled at the foot of the Coast Range of the Northern British Columbia Mountains well-nigh impossible and had evidently driven all the "fine ones" to the shelter of their own shacks, for the "Poker Parlor" was deserted, with the exception of three old-timers and myself, who sat around the cannon stove, listening to the stormy devils howl, cursing the country and profanely assuring each other that any man who was fool enough to get caught in such a country in the winter time deserved all the hardship he underwent and not a bit of sympathy!

The old-timers grew reminiscent as the hour grew late, and the talk drifted around to the early days on the Western plains.

At the mention of some old plainsman's name, Dick Hester, idly playing solitaire, threw down the deck with a snort of disgust and spoke his mind.

"Him?" he said. "I knew him! Wintered in Red Lodge, Mont., with him one year. See him die there, and I never felt better over seein' a man go out in my life! Him? Bah! He had a yellow streak in him a yard wide!"

"Ye-e-e-s," said old Charley Nelson, the spectacled, grandfatherly, benevolent-looking old fellow with a reputation as a gun fighter and all-round "bad man" that kept him immune from annoyance in the toughest of camps. "Ye-e-e-s, I've heard that: an' far's that goes I make him take water once myself in a little argument we has over a card, nine turns in a stud game, that fills up a flush for me an' lops a big pot."

"Him an' me disagree about the part o' the deck this card comes from, but I bring him to see the light all fine and proper, an' he's got a good shave on me at that, 'cause his hand's on his gun when the powwow starts, whereas mine's on the table an' my gal's in the check drawer, so if he's game to finish his play, it's a dirty, mortal cinch he beats me to it. However—

"An' then again I've seen him go all the way thro' on a deal where he had the worst of it! He seemed to be kind o' flipper-flop somehow. Sometimes he shows clean game, an' others he quits cold!"

"AN' NOTHIN' to it!" said Dick contemptuously. "Ef a man's game he's game, an' that's all there is to it! Ef he ain't game he's a dirty quitter, an' that's the answer to that! There ain't no half-way stuff about this nervy thing. A man is or he ain't, an' he wasn't!"

"That's what they most all say," replied Charley, "but I dunno! It's an' awful queer thing, this matter o' nerve. Now, take you, for example. Anybody that knows you at all knows that you'd go all the way thro' any time it comes to a show-down."

"Why, most certainly, I would," said Dick. "Why not? That's all nonsense, this stuff about bein' worried about goin' out! You got to go sometime, ain't you? You know that much! It makes a hell of a lot of difference whether you go to-day or to-morrow or the day after; don't it? Yes, it don't! Why, a man that ain't game to go when it's put up to him is a fool!"

"Yes," said Charley, "same way with me. I'll go with

any man any time he says he's ready. But suppose now that a feller gets tangled up with me, say, or you an' this feller's got one o' them kind o' women that's the real dope, an' he's thinkin' a heap o' her, an' maybe got a kid or so that he's lookin' out for an' watchin' grow up—has he got an even break with us when it comes to the touch? Ain't he got the shoot end of it? Mos' certainly! He's got somethin' to stay for; we ain't. An' if he sticks for the big jump with a gee like me, say, he's either a whole sight gammer than I am, or else he's a fool, whichever way you look at it.

"Now, some men is game—that is, they'll stick for the big show, 'cause they're proud-like an' they're a damn sight scarcer o' what folks'll say about 'em if they don't toe the mark than they are o' crossin' over.

"Some men is game 'cause they ain't got no sense! They don't savvy nothin'! They're just like a bull tryin' to butt an express train, an' once you can orate vivid enough to make one o' them thick-headed wallopers understand that, he's sure due to get his if he follows out his play. He'll wilt quicker'n a tallow candle in hell! Others is game 'cause they're more or less hot-bloodedlike. They go plumb crazy as soon's ever anythin' starts, an' then they don't know nothin' more till it's all over! An' them kind can't help it, no more'n a keg o' powder could help blowin' up if you was to drop a match into it.

"Men is built different, an' what's dead easy for one is awful hard for another. Take a reckless devil of a cowpunch, that'll ride anythin' that wears hair, an' put it up to him to go into a church and preach a sermon. You couldn't see him for the dust he'd raise gettin' out o' town! Same way, put one o' these preacher fellows up against a bad brone; he puts his trust in the Lord, but this brone don't look to him as if the Almighty had an awful lot o' influence on his manner o' life, so Mr. Preacher he probly fans up a nice little breeze, same as the cowpunch! To my way o' thinkin', a man shows clean game when he does the thing that's *hardest for him*, whereas the same thing might be just like eatin' a meal to me.

"Summer o' 19— I'm gamblin' on the boats on the Yukon, an' I go outside an' make one trip to Seattle an' back. On the run north they's the average crowd aboard: old-timers that's got rid of their stake below an' was headin' back, quite a bunch o' husky young chuchakos [Indian for "newcomer"] makin' for Dawson, an' a few tourists just takin' the round trip to Skagway an' back on the boat; an' one young maverick that's so dog-gone ordinary and common lookin' that I take particular notice o' him right from the start.



"Yes, sir, 'sez the kid, steady and clear, by Hokey! as a man could speak. 'I'll be glad to if you'll apologize for what you said to me to-night'"

"He was a well-dressed sort of fellow, 'bout medium height, maybe twenty-three or twenty-four years old, thin an' a mite stoop shouldered; he had kind o' scarce, light-colored hair that made me think of a wheat field that'd been hard hit with the drought; pale-blue eyes that always looked sort o' strainedlike, as though he was always tryin' to read somethin' that he couldn't quite make out; great big forehead; a thin, high nose that was always kind o' twitchin' at the end; a smallish chin an' jaw, an' a funny little mouth that was always open just the least mite an' made him look all the time if he was surprised about somethin'. He'd set around the smokin' room listenin' like a good one to all the talk that's passed, but never sayin' nothin' himself; an' once at the table, when one of the tourist ladies that's sittin' across from him asks him to pass her somethin' or 'nother, he makes a mistake an' hands her the wrong thing. Well, sir, you could toast your feet up back o' his ears, he gets that red!"

"HE WAS so awful bashful an' timidlike that I kind o' felt for him, an' one mornin' a couple o' days out he's all alone when I comes into the smokin' room, so I asks him for a match or somethin', and sets down alongside o' him.

"Goin' far up?" I sez.

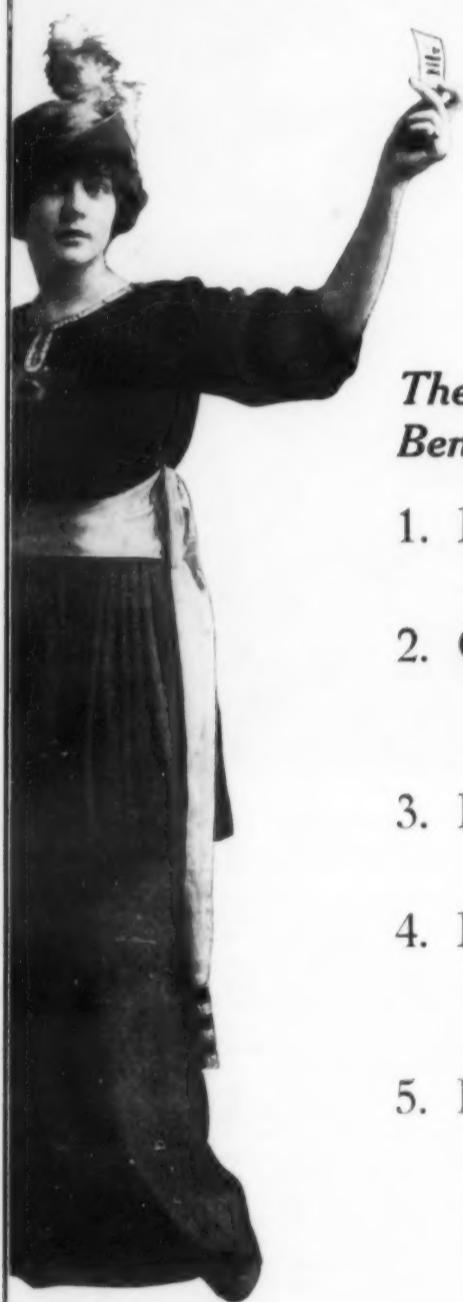
"Why, yes, sir; yes, sir, he kind o' stammers. 'I'm goin' away up to Juneau!'

"Yes?" sez I. "Well, Juneau's a nice camp, all right."

The "Get a Receipt" Plan

C u s t o m e r

M e n t h o r



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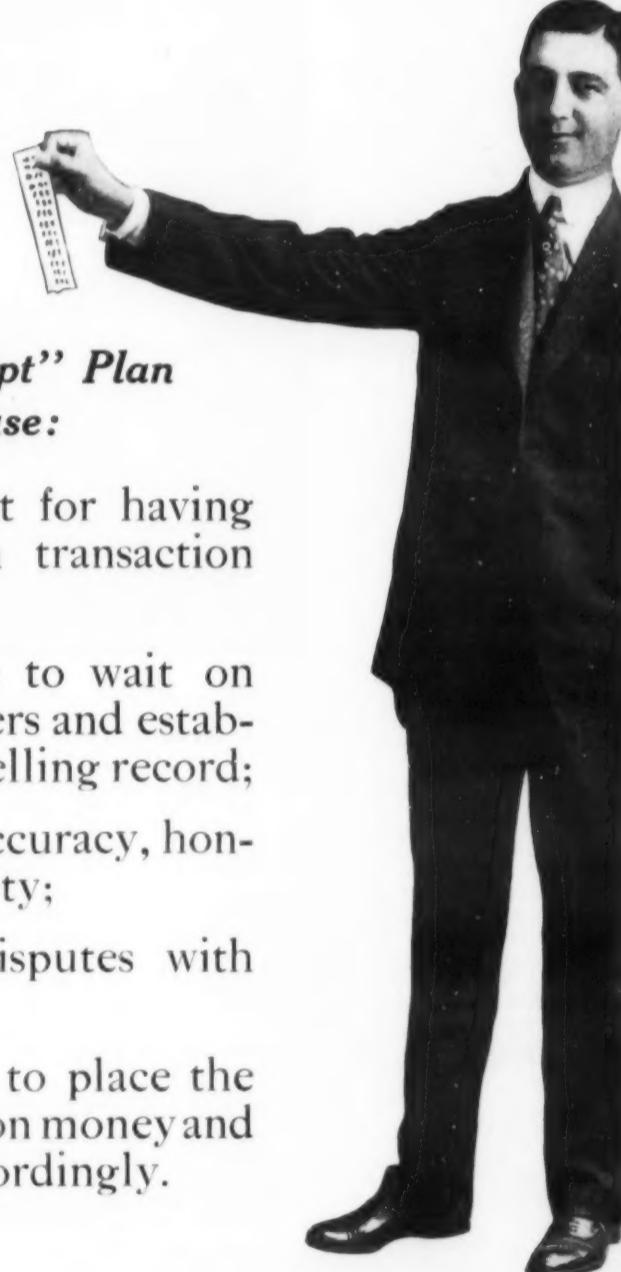
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gistic Company, Dayton, Ohio

"Yes, sir," he sez, awful eagerlike. "I heard you speakin' about it last night, an' I was very anxious to ask you about it. Do you know where the Sunburst Mine is up there?"

"I told him I did, an' he says: 'Well, I'm goin' up there to keep books for them. My uncle in Philadelphia—that's where my home is, in Philadelphia—owns a lot of stock in the mine, an' he got me the position. They're payin' me a splendid salary,' he says. 'I suppose it's awfully difficult for them to get the kind o' men who can do any sort o' office work to risk goin' up there.'

"I thought of all the doctors an' lawyers an' preachers, too, that was handlin' mucksticks on the claims around Dawson that would think they was back in civilization sure 'nough when they got outside to Juneau, but I kep' a straight face an' told him I reckoned it was.

"Yes, sir," he sez, shuttin' his jaws down tight. "I know I'm takin' a tremendous risk an' all that, but I'm just determined to stick to it! I'm gettin' all this big salary, you see, an' then I'm liable to find a mine. They tell me that an untried man who knows nothin' whatever about the country is just as liable to stumble onto a mine as anyone else."

"I can hardly realize," he goes on, "that I'm actually en route to the Far North! I never dreamed that I'd ever have the courage to undertake such a journey! I used to read of the hardships that the men in Alaska underwent, an' wonder what motive could actuate anyone to voluntarily place themselves in such peril. But I understand now."

"Oh, you do, eh?" sez L. "Have you got her picture with you?"

"Yes, sir," he sez, flushin' up. "That's it! But, you see, I haven't very much money. I couldn't see how we were goin' to be able to make a go of it for a frightfully long time, an' when this offer came it just seemed providential!"

"She didn't want me to take it; she's very unselfish, you know, an' she said she didn't care about the money part at all; but then, of course, girls never can see the practical side o' things!"

"I told her it wasn't right for a fellow to keep a girl waiting for years an' years, as she'd be obliged to wait if I worked up in the place I was employed then; an' that by comin' up here I could save enough out of my salary alone, even if I didn't discover a mine or anything like that, to give us a start."

"An' sir," he went on an' on like that. Seemed as though I'd pulled the cork out of a bottle of perpetual conversation!

"He showed me the girl's picture an' told me how he happened to meet her, an' all about her family history an' all of his.

"Then he began hammerin' again on what a risk he was takin' in comin' that far north, an' all that. He was scared of everything! Scared the boat would go down! Scared he'd freeze to death somehow up in Juneau that winter! Scared he'd get snowed in an' starve to death! Scared he wouldn't get enough fresh vegetables to eat an' he'd die o' the scurvy! Scared that he'd run into a crowd o' rough necks that'd murder him right out o' hand! Scared o' every kind o' death he could think of! An' he could think o' more kinds an' worse than a bunch o' drunken Pache Injuns with a healthy white man for a prisoner!"

"It wasn't only that he just thought of it casual-like. No, he just naturally seen it all plain! He seen himself lyin' out in the snow, froze to death! He seen his legs all eat off with the scurvy! He fairly got thin from seein' himself snowed in an' starvin' to death!"

"EASED his mind down as much as I could; tried to make him see that *keepin' books* in Juneau or in any o' the mines around there wasn't a heap different from doin' the same thing in Philadelphia. But it wasn't no use! As fast as I'd rub out one picture o' ten-cent novel death an' disaster with a little common sense, this here imagination o' his would have another fine one painted all covered over with plenty o' gore an' pieces o' torn-up bone an' flesh, an' he'd be dyin' all over again!"

"I wound up in Juneau that winter dealin' black-jack in the dance hall there, an' one day, long in January, I'm takin' the wrinkles out o' my bread

basket over in the northern restaurant when thi young calamity howler I'm speakin' of comes in.

"He's plumb tickled to meet up with me again, an' squats 'longside to have a chow.

"'Well,' sez L. 'you're one o' the most lifelike-lookin' corpses I ever did see! Did you freeze to death or die o' the scurvy? I been amin' to send a wreath o' evergreens or somethin' to put on your grave, but I couldn't find out where you was buried!'

HE KIND o' colors up an' laughed a little embarrassedlike.

"I was frightfully green, wasn't I?" he sez. "I expected to find a horribly savage sort o' place when I got here. Really, you know, it isn't half bad at all."

"There's one thing, though," he goes on, pickin' up his old dead an' forsaken tone o' voice. "You know the office out at the mine is situated only a short dis-

"Sure they hit it! Hit it rich! Sold out the mere prospect for thirty-eight thousand dollars apiece, an' the old man he melts out o' existence in one glorios three-week bath, an' leaves what's left o' his part o' the bank roll to the kid."

"One night about a week after the old man dies, Dick Crotton, who's runnin' the poker game in the joint I'm workin' in, finds out that he's gettin' more'n his share o' the loose change lyin' round camp, an' bein' fair-minded, he starts out to distribute it. His neck gets stiff from tiltin' it back; to be sure, there ain't none left in the bottom o' the glass, an' his fingers git so dizzy unwindin' his bank roll that he couldn't deal tiddleywinks in a kindergarten for idiot children an' hold his own! So, the blackjack play behin' light that night, I close my game an' go behind the dummy for him."

"Long about eight o'clock we're single footin' along in a six-handed draw game when this young son o' luck ambles into the dump lookin' for me. He come side steppin' thro' the crowd in front o' the bar, excusin' himself every time anybody bumped into him, an' finally fetches up by my layout.

"How do you do, Mr. Nelson?" he sez. "I hope I'm not intrudin'. I'm goin' to leave to-night on the *Cottage City*, an' I just come in to say good-by. Perhaps you may have heard some one speak of my good fortune?"

"Yes," sez L. "An' perhaps I may have heard some one in this camp speak o' somethin' else in the past few weeks, but I don't remember it! It's too bad, kid," I sez, "with all that money thrown on your hands, the way you're runnin' an awful risk o' livin' too high an' dyin' o' liver trouble! But," sez L. "we all got to take chances; don't we? What time does your boat leave?"

"Two o'clock in the mornin'," he sez.

"Two o'clock is a long ways off," sez L. "an' there's room for a live one here. You ever dabbles in this sweet sin at all?"

"Why, no, sir," he sez. "I never played any myself, but I used to watch the fellows at prep school play sometimes, so I understand the relative value of the different cards an' all that."

"Well," sez L. "you'll never learn the curse o' gamblin' any younger. Come on in an' get your feet wet."

"Why, really, Mr. Nelson," he sez, "I'd like to awfully well, but I don't know— How much would it cost me to play for a little while?"

"It'll cost you twenty dollars to sit in, an' when that's gone you can blow out or buy more, accordin' to how wise you are," I sez.

"By Jove!" sez he. "I'll do it! It will be a novel experience," he sez, "an' I can afford to spend twenty dollars with you, Mr. Nelson, in part payment for the many little kindnesses you showed me comin' up on the boat last year. Where shall I sit?"

"Well, sir, he didn't know a thing about the game. We had to explain this an' that to him every deal, but luck! If I was to dream that I was havin' a streak o' luck like that I'd shoot any man that woke me up."

"First hand he played he hocked in on a short pair against a pot flush, got three aces on the draw, showed me his full house, an' asked me if I would advise him to bet on it!"

"It was a joke to the rest o' the bunch at first, but it kep' on so steady that he come near cornerin' the game, an' pretty soon some o' 'em began to get kind o' sore."

"Tex Morrissey was in the game that night, an' I guess he'd had a few drinks. Anyhow, him an' the kid gets tangled up in a lot o' big pots, an' the kid draws out on him every hand."

THIS Tex person was a pretty fairly haughty sort of a party—one o' them workin' dogs that's right there with the big bite, too! He gets right sore at the way the kid's cuttin' him out o' the grapes every time, an' starts in makin' some pretty cuttin' talk. Finally the kid beats a jack full for him with four eights, an' Tex throws down his hand an' talks out in meetin'."

"Say! Lookahere, you snivelin' little white-livered rat," he sez; "I'm no squealer an' I don't mind havin' a full-grown man beat me out o' my money, but I don't like the color o' your eyebrows! An' if you're man enough to win" (Continued on page 32)



"'Pick that up an' hop to it! you dirty little whelp!' he sez. 'God made some men big an' some little, but guns evened 'em up!'"

tance from the mouth of the shaft, an' the men pass right by the door every day carrying the dynamite from the powder house. I tell you there's goin' to be a horrible accident there some day! It's positively criminal the way they handle those high explosives! One would think they were carrying so many sticks o' wood!"

"An' he's off again! I see him after that off an' on hustlin' round camp with that scared, peerin' way he had, an' every time I met him he had some new brand o' sure death doped out! He'd 'a' been worth wages to any undertaker just to stick around an' keep off the blues when business was bad!"

SAME spring, an' the snow's gone out. The kid goes agin the same old game that every man in a minin' country that ain't prospector himself always does fall for, an' grubstaked an' old walkin' whisky vat who'd 'a' been shipped out o' camp long before only they was lookin' for him to slough off every day, an' figured it'd be cheaper to plant him than pay his fare below.

"We might 'a' known it! A pea-green sucker an' an old lush that you wouldn't think had the legs to carry him out o' sight o' camp, nor the sand left in him to let his feet get that far from a bar rail! Luck couldn't never pass up no such a pair as that! Especially when they was good men combin' them hills that had put in their whole life prospectin', an' the nearest thing to gold they ever got was a Indian's complexion, an' the only silver they could show was what hardship had washed their hair with."

"Why, that combination o' ignorance an' booze would 'a' struck pay dirt in a Kansas cornfield!"

"Fighting Gonbei"

Count Admiral Gonbei Yamamoto, Premier of Japan

By Mock Joya

FORTY-THREE years ago Count Admiral Gonbei Yamamoto, Premier of Japan, was christened "Fighting Gonbei" by his fellow students of the Naval Academy. And ever since he has been living up to his nickname.

At the Naval Academy he was the leader of all the students, and he commanded his fellow students with his fighting spirit. And not only was he called "Fighting Gonbei," but he was regarded as the gamest scrapper of the school.

As his age advanced and his position became responsible, he could not keep up his fighting and could not well afford to scrap just for the fun of the game. And although he is still full of old fighting spirit, he did not for some time live up to the title of gamest scrapper.

However, in his youth a game scrapper he was, and he could not just miss any opportunity of going into a scrap. Whenever he heard of any scrap around the college he was always the first man to join the fight.

He possessed a pair of powerful fists, which he used freely whenever he had a chance to use them. And when he did not have the opportunity he made it.

ONE afternoon he saw two of his classmates fighting in the school court. He stepped between the two and gave his fists wide swings and struck them both with terrible punches.

As soon as the two students were out of the range of Gonbei's swing they yelled to him:

"What, Gonbei! What you mean by striking at us?"

"Oh, I saw you fighting and I came to help you," Gonbei answered.

"Then why in the world you punched me so hard?" one said.

"And you have no right to punch both of us if you came to help one of us," joined the other party of the original scrap.

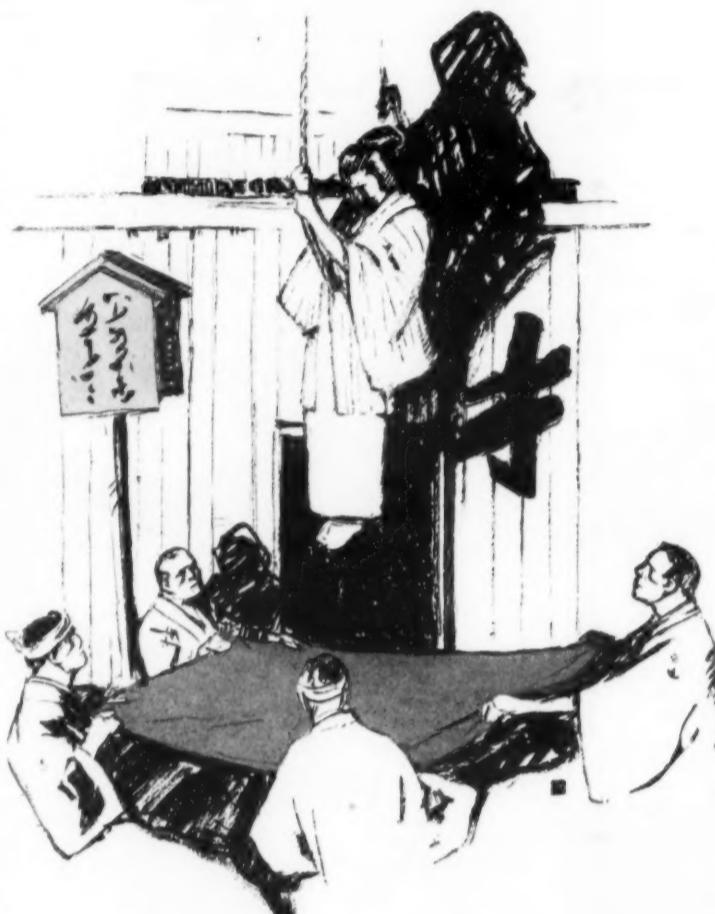
"Well, boys," said Gonbei. "I was going to help one of you, but I could not make up my mind which of you to help. So I punched you both. Now, if you tell me what was the cause of the trouble, I will decide my mind which of you I would help."

Gonbei was waiting for another chance to exercise his fists, but the two students had enough of them, and they refused to tell him the cause of the fight.

Gonbei was the terror of the school, and he was the cause of many a trouble in the academy. Even the dean and professors were used as the means of exercising his fists.

THE dean of the academy at that time was one Kuranosuke Nakamura. One day the dean had on his hand an amount of money obtained by the disposal of wastes—old furnitures and junks which accumulated in the school. He gave a dinner to the professors and instructors of the college, and put the money toward the expense of the dinner.

On the evening of the dinner Gonbei learned of the fact. He was just wait-



Then Gonbei lowered Toki into the stretched blanket. And the four boys carried her away

ing for anything exciting to happen, and as soon as he heard of the dinner he ran out to the dormitory and shouted out: "Come out, boys! Everybody come here quick!"

The students ran out to the court. They thought they were wanted for a fight, as whenever Gonbei called them out it was for a scrap.

"Where is the fight?" everybody asked him.

"Not yet. But I have something to inform you all."

THEN Gonbei told his fellow students of the dinner the dean was going to give to professors and instructors that evening, and that the money obtained by selling the wastes and other junks was a part of the money which was going to pay for the dinner.

"Now, boys, as to the wastes and other things, we are most concerned. And it is outrageous to dine with that money without consulting us. We students made most of the wastes, and we are entitled to the dinner more than those instructors. We will now proceed to Nakamura Restaurant and see the dean."

They lowered a boat and sped toward the restaurant, which was situated by a river, as they could reach it quicker by boat than by any other means of transportation.

When they arrived at the restaurant, Gonbei told the other boys to wait until they heard from him. And alone he entered the restaurant and asked to see the dean.

THE dean could not well refuse Gonbei, and came down to see him.

"What brought you here?" asked the dean.

"I'd like to ask you a question. What sort of dinner is this?" Gonbei asked.

"This is a dinner to professors and instructors."

"And where the money for this expense came from?"

"It is not necessary for me to tell you that," the dean sharply answered.

"Well, I heard that the money obtained by selling wastes and junks is paying for this dinner. Is that true?"

"That money you mention is paying a small part of this dinner."

"Then I have an argument," Gonbei said in a louder tone.

"What is your argument?"

"Who made most of the waste and other junks? We students made most of them. And we are entitled to the money more than professors. To use the money entirely for the instructors is not right."

The dean knew what Gonbei was after, and he gently said:

"If that is not right, why don't you join us?"

"Can we join in this dinner because we made most of the wastes?"

"Yes, you are right. Now come and join us."

When Gonbei entered the banquet room he opened a window and shouted:

"Boys! Come up! The dean says we can join."

With a yell thirty students ran upstairs to the hall. The dean was not expecting so many to join, and the professors did not enjoy the dinner. And the dean and professors all left the restaurant very early. But Gonbei and his followers stayed there and ate and drank until the dawn.

HE was not very bright at school, but somehow he graduated from the academy and became a midshipman. A few days after he became a midshipman he passed by a restaurant which was always patronized by naval officers, and he saw a young girl of about sixteen weeping on the second-story veranda. For a moment Gonbei wondered why the girl was crying. And then he rushed into the restaurant and demanded to see the proprietor.

When the proprietor came out Gonbei asked him why the girl upstairs was crying.

"That is our new waitress, sir," the restaurant man answered.

"All I want to know is why she is crying."

"She is a new girl, and she is not used to work. And it is rather hard on her, and that's why she is crying. But she will get over it soon."

"I want to find out more about the girl. There might be a deeper reason for her crying. Call that girl," Gonbei demanded.

The proprietor saw that Gonbei was a midshipman, and thought it would not be good to anger him, as the restaurant was patronized by many naval officers and midshipmen. And he called the girl.

The girl was still crying when she came down.

"Don't cry," said Gonbei. "I only wanted to hear why you are crying. Now tell me why you are crying."



Bent Bones

You Wouldn't Bend Your Hand Bones

YOU wouldn't think of tying the muscles and bones of your hand into a tight mass, crippling it and robbing it of its Efficiency.

Yet you do that to your feet—on which you have to depend nearly as much as on your hands.

If you put them into narrow, unnatural shoes, as in the above X-ray, you can't walk or stand without feeling the discomfort of corns, or bunions, or callouses, or ingrowing nails, or fallen arch.

The Rice & Hutchins Educator Shoe is a handsome shoe that does not bind, compress or bend your feet-bones. Nor does it ever cause corns, bunions, callouses, ingrowing nails or flatfoot or any other foot trouble.

Instead, it allows your bent, cramped, twisted foot bones to straighten out in joyous comfort. It allows the child's feet to grow up as they should, free of foot ills.

Aren't your feet worth being made comfortable—worth going to your dealers to try the feeling and looks of a pair of Rice & Hutchins Educator Shoes today? But be sure the name EDUCATOR is branded on the sole.

Made for all ages. Prices from \$1.35 for infants' to \$5.50 for men's "specials." Always the same shape, year after year.

If your dealer doesn't keep genuine Rice & Hutchins Educators, write us. We'll send you handsome catalog and see that you get Educators.

Rice & Hutchins
EDUCATOR SHOE
"Let's the foot grow as it should"



"Comfortable As an Old Shoe, Yet Proud to Pass a Mirror."

RICE & HUTCHINS, INC.
World's Shoemakers to the Whole Family
16 HIGH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Makers of the Famous All America and Signet Shoes for Men, and Mayfair Shoes for Women



Fits-U Eyeglasses

are firm-holding, comfortable and becoming, giving the wearer all that is best in the wonderful finger-piece principle. You will find them at your optician's, identified always by this mark on the bridge:



Send for our new booklet, "The Glass of Fashion." It gives some valuable information about the wearing of glasses—and it is free. Address Dept. L.

American Optical Company, Southbridge, Mass.

Largest makers of spectacles, eyeglasses and lenses in the world

"Walk-Over"

The Shoe

Style Supremacy

RIGHT now a world-wide exposition of Walk-Over style is in progress. In practically every city and town the world over Walk-Over windows are being studied by people who insist on knowing what is authoritative before they buy shoes.

Here we can illustrate but one of the many style-creating models. Your local Walk-Over window invites you to select a style which shall express your own individuality.

The wide range of sizes and widths, the carefulness in every detail, insure perfect fit. \$3.50 to \$7.00. Standard prices \$4.50 and \$5.00.

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY
Manufacturers of Walk-Overs
for Men and Women
CAMPOLLO (Brockton), Mass.
The word "Walk-Over" appears on every genuine Walk-Over shoe.

Carlton Model

The girl then told her story. Her father was a poor fisherman of Yechigo District, and he could not support his large family on what he was making on fishing. And to help through the difficulty of life her father borrowed some money from the proprietor of the restaurant. But her father could not pay back the money, and he proposed that his daughter should work for the restaurant and work out the debt. But the work at the restaurant was hard and she could not possibly bear it, because the restaurant man made up his mind to get most work out of the country girl.

After hearing the story Gonbei told the proprietor not to make her work so hard.

"But, sir, her father owes me money, and, because he could not pay it back, she is working out the debt. I could not keep her idle here simply because you saw her crying."

"How much is the money you lent to her father?" Gonbei asked.

"Forty ryo."

"That's a quite large amount of money.

The restaurant keeper became angry and hotly said:

"Simply because you are my patron and your friends are my patrons, I have treated you gently. But if you try to hide behind the name of navy and try to do whatever you want to do, I have another way of dealing with you. You took her away by your brutal force, and I am going to deal with you in the same manner. I will—"

He did not proceed further, as at that moment the strong fists of Gonbei shot to the face of the restaurant man, and, under the heavy blow, he fainted.

THE restaurant man took the matter to the police, but Gonbei made him withdraw the charge against him by threatening to make a charge against the restaurant man on the ground of the unlawful keeping of the girl as the security for a loan.

But when the restaurant man withdrew his charge, Gonbei promised him to pay the loan of forty ryo in monthly installments. The girl was really a nice



"Now, my little girl, you do not like to work here, do you?" Gonbei asked her. "No, sir," the girl answered.

"Now, my little girl, you do not like to work here, do you?" Gonbei asked her.

"No, sir," the girl answered.

"Well, I will come in again," and, so saying, Gonbei left the restaurant.

When he returned home he told the story of the girl to his brother and three friends. And they discussed the way of saving the poor girl from the restaurant.

A FEW days later Gonbei came to the restaurant as a patron. He ordered several things to eat and a quantity of sake to drink. He called Toki, the poor girl, to wait on him.

"I came to save you from this house to-night. I am going to take you away from here. If you do not want to work here, do as I tell you and keep quiet," he told her.

Watching for an opportune time, Gonbei took out a strong cord from his bosom and tied Toki around her waist. And then carrying her to a window, he whistled. Down on the street there were his brother and three of his friends waiting, stretching a large blanket. Then Gonbei lowered Toki into the stretched blanket. And the four boys carried her away to the house of Gonbei's brother.

AS soon as the proprietor of the restaurant found that the girl was gone, he knew that Gonbei helped her escape from his restaurant. So he went to Gonbei and demanded her. But Gonbei kept on saying that he did not know anything about her or her escape.

"But she is at your brother's house. And you must have taken her there."

"I do not know anything about her. She might be at my brother's house, but I have nothing to do with the fact."

and refined girl, and Gonbei's brother admired her a great deal while she was at his house. And he said to Gonbei:

"You have to find a wife for yourself some day. Why don't you make Toki your wife? She is a very nice girl, and you have gone into lots of trouble for her sake already."

And Gonbei married Toki. And the poor girl who was saved from the drudgery at the restaurant by Gonbei and married him is the present Countess Yamamoto. They have been a very happy family ever since.

After he became a naval officer he began to behave himself, but his reputation of being a fighter and scrapper was known throughout the official circles and his friends. Even the late Emperor Mutsuhito heard of Gonbei before Gonbei distinguished himself in any way.

When Gonbei was a captain he became aide to Naval Minister Saigo. And Saigo presented Gonbei to the late Emperor.

"Yamamoto, I believe you have nothing to be afraid of," his Majesty said when he met Gonbei.

Then Minister Saigo said:

"Your Majesty, there is one thing Yamamoto is afraid of."

"What is that, Saigo?" asked the Emperor.

"It is a horse."

A few days after that incident Gonbei received an invitation from the Emperor to accompany his Majesty on a riding party. For once Gonbei found himself in a very difficult situation. Not only Gonbei could not ride a horse, but he was certainly afraid of a horse. And it was an impossible task for him to join a riding party.

It is not a custom to refuse an invitation.

tion from the Emperor, and his friends were anxiously watching what Gonbel would do.

The next day Gonbel went to the imperial palace and sent words to the Emperor that he could not accept the invitation. When the Court official brought the message to the Emperor, the Emperor told him to bring Gonbel before his Majesty.

When Gonbel arrived before the presence of his Majesty, the Emperor said:

"You say you could not accept my invitation to the riding party. What is the reason for that?"

"I appreciate your Majesty's kindness in inviting this humble servant, but Gonbel cannot ride a horse. And I could not accept your Majesty's invitation." Gonbel coolly answered.

"You cannot ride a horse?"

"No, your Majesty."

"I regard it as a shame for any officer not to be able to ride a horse."

"Your Majesty, when the time comes when we use horses in the navy, I shall ride a horse. If it is proper for an army officer to accompany your Majesty on horseback, I believe, your Majesty, it is proper for a navy officer to accompany your Majesty on a torpedo boat," Gonbel answered.

"Nothing could make you surrender," said Emperor Mutsuhito.

So, although he gave up the scrapping with his bare fists, Gonbel is still a good fighter, and he does not know how to be defeated.

WHEN he was traveling in Europe some years ago, after he became Minister of Navy, he visited Germany, and was presented to the Kaiser.

Gonbel heard that the Kaiser seldom gave others a chance to speak, and that the Kaiser does all the talking. And when he was presented to the Kaiser he started to talk first and never gave the Kaiser a chance to speak. The Kaiser was waiting for Gonbel to stop so that he could start talking, but Gonbel never stopped talking until the end of the audience.

And of that incident Gonbel is very proud, and he always says:

"In all the world I am the only one person who did not give a chance to speak to the Kaiser Wilhelm II."

"Fighting Gonbel" is still fighting on, and as the Premier of Japan he is controlling the politicians of Japan by his fighting spirit. And if the chance arrives he would show that he is still a game scrapper.

Overstepping the Mark

By CHARLES HALL JOHNSTON

CERTAIN conditions imagined, or falsely deduced from circumstances, result in disaster because we are not willing to let well enough alone. Too much supervision is oftentimes worse than none.

Deductions are all right, but we must first be sure of our facts.

An insurance company sent a new man into a very prosperous rural community. He produced as many applications in a week as the average good solicitor would write in a month. The agency superintendent became suspicious. He sent his assistant into the territory to deliver the policies written by the new man and to collect the premiums. He cautioned the assistant so much about the probability of the business being bad that the assistant believed it before he started. Attempting to make three policy deliveries, he found that the new agent had collected each of the premiums in advance and had disappeared. Without trying to deliver the policies, he frankly informed the applicants that they had most likely been swindled, saying that the company would make adjustments later. Afraid to go any further, he hurried back to his chief to inform him of the impostor—only to find the new agent calmly turning in the money for all policies sold and giving the superintendent a glowing account of his success. The balance of the policies sold were simply mailed to the insured, and in every case policy receipts were promptly returned with letters showing that policy holders were well satisfied. The assistant quietly slipped out of the office, returned to the field, and delivered the three policies with suitable explanations.

COSTLY ENTHUSIASM

ASOLICITOR for a large advertising agency called at the office of a client who was already carrying a contract calling for \$4,000 per month. The manager did not seem to be interested in any additional advertising, but casually remarked that he wished about half of his present contract could be transferred to another city recently entered by his company. The solicitor, anxious to be of service, said he thought it could be arranged. The manager became interested, and asked the solicitor to verify his statement at once. The solicitor called his house on the phone and asked if "advertising could be taken care of" in the city in question. Receiving an affirmative answer, he assured the advertiser that the transfer could be made. Contracts were produced and made out accordingly, the manager called his advertising man and instructed him to make out new copy. The solicitor took the new contracts to the office of his firm, only to discover that the advertising in the other city was controlled by a different company, and that it could be placed on a commission basis only. The transfer would cost his company \$1,000 per month! The advertiser was immediately

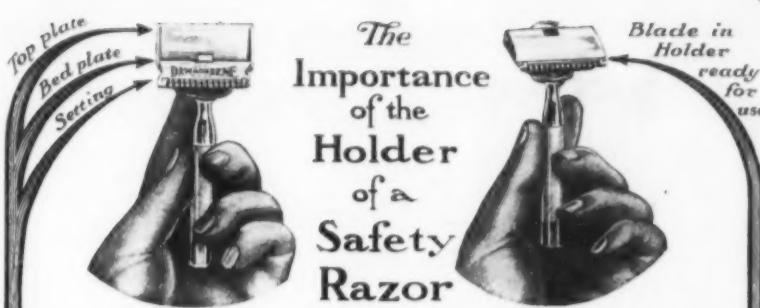
CHEAPENED

ACCOMPANY manufacturing an article of both beauty and utility for the home gave the article an artistic name, and steadily maintained the price at \$300. Tremendous sales resulted. People mentioned with pride the fact that they owned a "—". The sales manager, realizing that the price was prohibitive to a large percentage of the people, asked his designers to make a similar article, but on a very much less elaborate and less expensive scale. As a result, a smaller but quite creditable article was produced to sell for \$30. Then the sales manager overstepped. He gave it the same artistic name as the expensive one. A howl of protest went up from owners of the better article. The artistic name had lost its meaning, and the article had been unalterably cheapened by the low-priced model bearing the expensive name. A rival firm had, in the meantime, entered the field with a similar article of even more elaborate and beautiful appearance, and of equal utility and with an equally artistic name, with the price of \$300 maintained absolutely.

In less than two years the balance had swung in favor of the new company for the high-priced article, while the old company was compelled to devote most of its energies to the sale of the cheaper article, with a corresponding decrease in profits.

OVERWINDING

ENTHUSIASM is the mainspring of business, but it can be overwound. Enthusiasm not tempered with sound judgment has brought defeat to many men and to many business organizations. A good deed well begun is half done—often much more than half done. Many men, by overdoing the last half, have killed it entirely. They simply overstep the mark.



The Importance of the Holder of a Safety Razor

WE want you to know why the *holder* is an all important feature of a safety razor, and why the new **Gem Damaskeene** holder is absolute perfection down to the minutest detail—in the first place experience and experiment have made it so.

Note how the top plate comes down to the bed plate, adjusting the blade between, so that it is absolutely accurate in the cutting and allowing the edge to strike the face just right—no matter what part of the face you are shaving, off comes the beard easily—smoothly—evenly. The very simplicity of the new **Gem Damaskeene** construction keeps it always in perfect shaving order, and the razor is so strongly made, and so easily cleaned, that its usefulness is practically unlimited.



Damaskeene Blades are always uniform in edge and temper—they fit the holder at the perfect shaving angle.

Go to your dealer and compare the beauty and simple construction of the **Gem** with others—you'll buy and keep on using the **Gem**.

Write for Illustrated Folder

GEM CUTLERY COMPANY
210-216 Eleventh Avenue, New York



HER property—her little ones—her own life—she knows are safely protected when she has a Savage Automatic in her home.

She knows its ten sure shots are at her command—quick or slow, as she chooses—one to each trigger pull.

And what's more, she knows it is safe—knows at a glance or touch if it is loaded.

That is why she does not fear the Savage.

Are your little ones and property safe? Send 6c in stamps for book "It You Hear a Burglar". Send today.

THE SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

Savage Arms Company, 829 Savage Avenue, Utica, N. Y.

Makers of the Famous Savage Rifles



New York's Greatest Hotel

When in New York, live at the Hotel McAlpin. A luxurious home for the metropolitan visitor. Every convenience and comfort—at prices notable for their moderation.

Situated at Broadway and 34th Street—the center of shopping and amusement activities. At the axis of the city's transportation facilities—one block from the Pennsylvania terminal—within a few minutes of the Grand Central station.

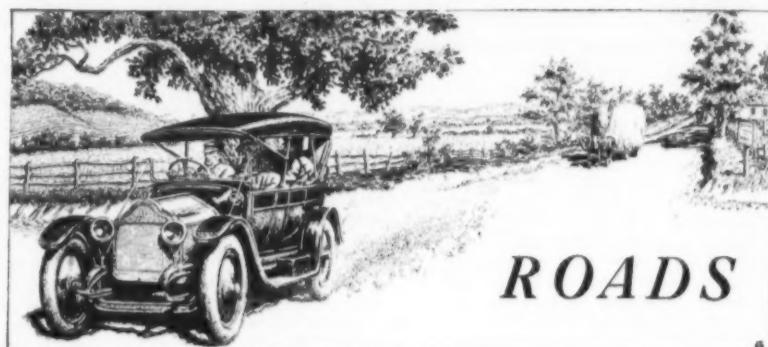
Distinguished for exceptional service—distinctive surroundings—modern facilities—perfect appointments. And its popular restaurants maintain a high standard of excellence in cuisine, at moderate prices.

Management of MERRY & BOOMER

HOTEL MCALPIN

Herald Square
NEW YORK

Nearer than Anything to Everything



ROADS

The National Awakening

*The First Article of a Department to be Conducted
in the Cause of Better Highways*

ONE of the strangest things in the history of the development of this country is that the people as a nation waited until the last few years to realize what good roads mean to civilization. They waited until after the great era of railroad building was long since over and the United States had become a world leader industrially. It seems that the economic value of first-class highways ought to have been just as apparent seventy-five years ago as it is now, but nearly everything else in the way of providing general means of transportation was done before we began to consider the road problem in its true significance. Despite the obvious fact that the American people grapple with only a few vital problems at a time the long delay of the good roads movement can hardly be explained.

But the people are not destined to travel in mud and ruts forever. The belated good roads movement has started in earnest, and there is every reason to believe that it will be carried on successfully until no European nation can boast of as good thoroughfares as ours. It is a pioneer movement, and it is a well-known fact that as pioneers Americans have no superiors.

The campaign of agitation, which began to attract general attention two or three years, has made marvelous headway. Public opinion has been affected in practically every county in the United States. More speeches have been made and more printer's ink consumed in the discussion of the road problem in the past two years than in any previous twenty-five years. Scores of organizations, local and national, have been started for the purpose of stimulating public sentiment and urging enabling legislation. Hundreds of commercial associations in towns and cities have taken up the problem, and thousands of public-spirited men have contributed liberally of their money for the furtherance of the cause. Distinguished civil engineers are devoting their time and labor to the solution of construction problems, and many eminent statesmen are studying the situation with a view to helping frame and put through the necessary legislation. Borough, township, and county fiscal authorities are replacing incompetent supervisors with skilled road engineers. And, what means more than can be easily imagined, a very large number of rural taxpayers are beginning to realize that good roads, of all public conveniences, are a vital necessity.

UNCLE SAM ON THE JOB

THE National Government is doing some good work for the cause. Post roads are being built in various States to convince State and local authorities and the people in general that permanent highways are easily obtainable; and the Office of Public Roads in the Department of Agriculture, under the direction of Laurence I. Hewes, is collecting valuable data for the education of the public and for the practical aid of road builders. Recently provision was made for the employment of an expert publicity man to write Government road news in interesting form. The Office of Public Roads has only begun to make itself felt in the last year or two. It will have to employ a veritable army of experts if Congress takes much of a hand in interstate road building, the likelihood of which being problematical. But whether Congress does much or not, the Office of Public Roads should be a very useful agency, because the leaders in the movement need facts to clinch their argu-

ments and engineers need formulas of proved reliability.

Mr. Hewes and his assistants are in a splendid position to gather and send out important information. Recently the Office of Public Roads sent out some little stories which suggest its possibilities for usefulness.

These facts are intended to show the effect improved highways have upon property values. Five years ago a farmer in Lee County, Virginia, offered to sell his farm of 100 acres for \$1,800. At that time the county authorities were planning to improve the road passing his land, and he objected to having the work done, because he did not think the road would be worth the money it would cost. The farmer's protest was ignored and the road was improved. Recently he refused \$3,000 for the land. The price of another farm on the same road jumped from \$6,000 to \$9,000. The selling value of farms in Jackson, Ala., was increased from \$6 to \$15 per acre to from \$15 to \$25 per acre by the construction of good thoroughfares.

FARM LOSSES FROM BAD ROADS

AN interesting investigation was conducted by the Minneapolis Civic and Commerce Association. Inquiry was made into farming conditions as affected by poor highways in an area of 75 square miles surrounding the city. The distances covered by farm vehicles, the tonnage of produce hauled to market, the losses resulting from the transportation of small loads and from the inability of farmers and truck gardeners to reach the best markets at the proper times, the injury to horses and mules and the extra wear and tear of vehicles, and the sacrifice of time—these were all figured out by experts in very much the same way the Census Bureau goes after comprehensive totals. There were 4,063 farmers in the district, and the aggregate loss through bad roads in one year was \$600,728, or about one-tenth as much as they received for their produce. If such a survey were made of the entire country the figures would be bewildering.

In some localities the work of improving roads is being done on a large scale, and in most instances it will be increased from year to year. New York is now spending a \$70,000,000 fund on its highways. At the November election the voters of Pennsylvania will pass upon a constitutional amendment authorizing the Legislature to raise as much as \$50,000,000. Single counties in some of the Western States are spending from \$200,000 to \$1,000,000 at a time. Some of the Southern States are preparing to spend large sums, in proportion to their assessed wealth. Each State, of course, has its own particular way of conducting highway affairs.

The highways bill for all the States and Territories now amounts to many millions annually, and in the near future it will run into hundreds of millions. According to Charles Henry Davis, president pro tempore of the National Highways Association and a recognized authority on road problems, there are approximately 2,300,000 miles of roads in the United States, something like 300,000 of which are in what might be called first-class condition.

IT CAN BE DONE

THE permanent improvement of 750,000 miles in the next ten years would be an achievement of which the nation could be proud. There is no way of finding out how much the work would cost, but a rough estimate of \$5,000 per

**3 IN ONE OILS
EVERYTHING**

3-in-One is a clear, pure oil compound that flows right to the heart of every bearing and friction point of sewing machines, typewriters, bicycles, cream separators, guns, reels, clocks, locks and everything else around your home or office that ever needs oiling. It has sufficient body to "oil right" and reduce metal-to-metal wear to the minimum. Due to special inherent properties 3-in-One

**WILL NOT COLLECT
DUST OR DIRT**

Instead, it will cut out and work out of any bearing all foreign matter. This adds years of service to any kind of light mechanism, by reducing grinding friction, and prevents repair bills.

3-in-One is entirely free from grease or acid; never gums, hardens, dries out. Never heats up or smokes at any rate of speed.

For sale at all hardware, drug, grocery and department stores in 3 size bottles: 1 oz., 10c; 3 oz., 25c; 8 oz., 50c. Also in patent Handy Oil Can, 3½ oz., 25c. If your dealer hasn't this can, we'll send it prepaid by parcel post, full of 3-in-One, for 30c in stamps.

**THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.
42 ANW. Broadway, New York**

13

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13

*A typical American touring scene*

(Photo by Brown Bros.)

The Choice of Practically Every American Tourist

ACAREFUL census taken from the registers of "arrivals on tour" at the leading American points of interest, resorts and hotels, reveals the interesting fact that over 90% of the high priced automobiles on tour are equipped with the famous Warner Auto-Meter.

The weekly touring records, published by such important newspapers as the *New York Herald* and *New York Sun*, shows that nine out of every ten cars mentioned are equipped with the famous Warner Auto-Meter.

If ever a Warner gets the acid test for accuracy, it's on the road. It is bumped, and thumped, uphill and down. And it never varies a fraction. It works in the snow, thousands of feet above the sea level and on the plains at 110 de-

grees in the shade. And it never varies a fraction. And just because it does work perfectly and precisely in every climate, altitude and atmosphere it is chosen by practically every American tourist.

The Warner is built, fitted, tested and naturally adapted for roughing it in vacation time. In the Warner factories each instrument is tested on a "Bumping Machine"—which is the most terrible abuse a speed indicating instrument can receive.

On this "Bumping Machine" each instrument receives 200 terrific shocks per minute. Each shock is more severe than any ever encountered in a season's touring. In this manner the Warner is prepared for rough usage.

And every Warner is positively compensated against the most ex-

treme heat or cold. It will not vary on the hottest summer trip or in the bitter cold of a late fall hunting expedition. It is absolutely unaffected by any electrical influence of any kind.

When accuracy is the first requisite the Warner is always the first choice.

It is the official pathfinding instrument of every Glidden tour; it was used this spring by the American Automobile Association to map the three official transcontinental routes; it is used by all the famous racing drivers.

The Warner is the highest priced, most highly thought of and most widely known speed indicator made. And this prestige has been won, established and maintained by its unfailing accuracy alone.

You can have a Warner on the car you buy if you ask for it

The Warner Auto-Meter Factory, Beloit, Wisconsin

WARNER AUTO-METER



500 Shaves Guaranteed From 12 Blades

MILLIONS are spent yearly for safety razor blades because they have to be discarded after a few shaves.

The one Safety Razor which eliminates this waste is the

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

Strops Itself

A stropped blade for a cool, smooth, velvety shave. You will never realize the lasting comfort until you try it. Day after day, week after week, the same blade shaves quick and clean.

The new adjustable model is now on the market in the United States. Adjustable to all beards. Try one today. Price \$5. Send for Catalog.



METAL CASE OUTFIT No. 50
Handsome nickel plated case, velvet lined; silver plated self-stropping razor; 12 blades; shell horsehair strop, \$5.00

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Box 17, Station F, New York. Toronto, London

mile makes the total \$3,750,000,000. That would be \$375,000,000 a year. This estimate may be too high, but in any event the bill would be pretty large. And to it would have to be added the expense of maintaining the other roads. The figures are large, but the return from the investment would make them look comparatively small. The general benefits would be wonderful.

The campaign of education must go on if the movement is to accomplish the desired results. A great many people have not yet learned that it is a mistake to consider immediate cost with immediate benefits. We must abandon our too parsimonious policy of the past, and in so doing we must also insist upon having our money spent wisely. One of the reasons why so many taxpayers have for a long time been tight fisted is that from one-fourth to one-half of the road funds throughout the country have been wasted. The history of bad roads in America is largely a story of crookedness and incompetence.

The good-roads movement demands brains and brawn as well as money.

The services of the ablest statesmen are needed in framing and enacting better laws, and construction work must be planned and supervised by competent engineers. Contractors must be compelled to do 100 cents' worth of work for every dollar they get. And public sentiment must be kept alive every day in the year.

The men who lead will make themselves famous, because their work will be no less important than that of those who built our great railroads. They will be written about in the future as great makers of American history. And not all the glory will be theirs. The men in the ranks will do their part of the hard work, because fully nine-tenths of the highways are under the direct jurisdiction of county or other local authorities, and may continue to be. The movement cannot fail. It has gone too far already; there will be no slowing down. With a majority of the people aware of the fact that, as a rule, the progress of civilization in communities or in nations is measured by the quality of their highways, there is no reason to fear.

The Kentucky Mountaineer

PARIS, TEX.

DEAR COLLIER'S:
I HAVE just finished reading Mr. Bruce Barton's "Children of the Feudists," in COLLIER'S of August 23. I was much interested, because I am a Kentuckian and am quite well acquainted with the mountain country, having spent several years in that section of the State, during which time I traveled over all of it.

While reading Mr. Barton's article it occurred to me that some of his statements might be capable of conveying a rather erroneous impression to readers not familiar with the Kentucky mountains. May I, therefore, take the liberty of calling your attention to some points in Mr. Barton's sketch which do not "gee" with my own experience?

Mr. Barton states that the mountaineer's clothes and those of his family are made of "homespun" woven on a hand loom by the wife. This was doubtless true a generation ago, but I think it is safe to say that it is not generally the case to-day. In the average cross-roads store of the mountain country, or in any "general store" of the small mountain towns, you will find as complete a stock of ready-made clothing and cheap dress goods as you would see in a country store almost anywhere else.

MR. BARTON says the mountaineer's songs are sad, and he instances the fact that the pathetic "Barbary Allen" is sometimes sung in mountain homes. There is no doubt about "Barbary Allen" being a sad one, especially as regards its dirgelike tune; but anyone who thinks the mountaineer's musical taste runs to mournful themes ought to hear some of the fiddlers or "banjo pickers" break loose with "The Wild Horse," "Turkey in the Straw," "Wild Hogs in the Red Brush," "The Old Hen Cackled as She Flew," "Tug Fork," "Brushy Mountain," "Boatin' on Sandy," or "Flat Gap."

Mr. Barton pictures Professor Frost "explaining to towns like Cutshin and Hellfursartin that there really is a world beyond the Gap." I don't know what sort of town a town "like Cutshin or Hellfursartin" would be, as there is no town of either name in the Kentucky mountains—popular tradition to the contrary notwithstanding. Cutshin and Hellfursartin are small creeks that flow into the Middle Fork of Kentucky River near Hyden. Both these creeks are in Leslie County, and Hyden is the only town in that county. . . .

And as for the mountaineer's present state of civilization—or lack of it—let me say that the Kentucky mountaineer, taken as a class, is not nearly so uncivilized as the outside world seems to think. It is true that he plays "seven-up" instead of poker, dances the Virginia reel instead of the tango, drinks "white" liquor instead of "red," and prefers a pipe to a cigarette. While you and I know lots of things that he doesn't know, he will sometimes surprise us by knowing some things that we don't know. For instance, he builds roads, houses, fences, water mills, suspension bridges, "splash dams," and "ripraps"; he is a good blacksmith, harness maker, target

shot and logger, an excellent politician, usually a fairly good farmer, and often a quite able preacher or musician. . . .

And as to the towns, instead of considering such wholly imaginary towns as "Cutshin" and "Hellfursartin," look at a few of those that actually exist, and compare them with country towns elsewhere in our land. Jackson, the county seat of "Bloody Breathitt," has two wholesale houses, each of which claims to do an annual business in excess of \$100,000. Beattyville, in Lee County, has over \$15,000 invested in iron street bridges over the small streams that run through its midst, and it also has one of the largest sawmills in the State. Estill Springs, in Estill County, has long been noted as a health resort. Paintsville, in Johnson County, has brick-paved streets, and one of its leading citizens, a native "mountaineer," lives in a residence built for him at a cost of over \$100,000. A few miles south of Paintsville is Prestonsburg, with a great steel bridge, built and owned by local capital, and a fine brick college building, now occupied by a Baptist school. Here you will see several very creditable residences, one of which, built at a cost of \$50,000, is owned and occupied by a "mountaineer" whose three grown children are all graduates of well-known colleges. From Prestonsburg a horseback ride of thirty-five miles to the west will take you to Hindman, in the very heart of the mountains; here you will find electric lights and an excellent college for young women, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. A day's ride to the south lies Whitesburg, whose courthouse, brick bank and store buildings, and bright little weekly newspaper are superior to those possessed by many small towns of localities whose people are wont to picture the Kentucky mountaineer as "uncivilized." From Whitesburg ride fifty miles, east and south, over the rugged Cumberland Mountain and down the picturesque Cumberland River to the little town of Harlan, still flushed over its recent acquisition of a railroad; take the train here and go down the valley to Middlesborough; here, among towering mountains and in sight of the famous Cumberland Gap, you will find a thriving city of 7,000 people, well-paved streets, handsome buildings, good hotels, a great iron furnace, and a dozen busy coal mines.

There are hidden away in the remote hills and hollows of the Kentucky mountains many people who still live in a very primitive fashion, but, with a few exceptions, they are not nearly so primitive as one would be led to believe by the average story, magazine article, or moving-picture play. They are no more "uncivilized" than many of the "crackers" of Florida, the "cajons" of Louisiana, the "hill billys" of Arkansas and Missouri, the "mill people" of Massachusetts, Alabama, Georgia, and the Carolinas, the "new-made Americans" of western Pennsylvania, or some of the "East Siders" of New York.

That's all. And let me add that one reason why I am always interested in COLLIER'S is the fact that you so frequently say things with which I don't agree.

J. W. CARLIN.



Ireland's Legacy Town

*A Perfectly Original Contribution from
Coalisland, Tyrone County*

By W. J. KELLY

PROBABLY there is not a spot outside the United States itself that should be more interesting to the dwellers in the great land of Uncle Sam for the reasons here given than the pleasantly singular and homely and busy little town of Coalisland in the county of Tyrone in the northern part of the Emerald Isle.

Coalisland, as its name implies, is an island of coal, and the coal it contains is described as of the very best quality procurable. The strata extend scores of miles out in every direction from the center of the town. Some places the mineral is only a few inches below the surface; other places it is hundreds of yards down, but everywhere it is declared to be practically inexhaustible, and that notwithstanding the fact that coal has been raising in the township and district all around without a break for hundreds of years back.

LEGACIES

COALISLAND is singular in the first instance for legacies, and has acquired the sobriquet of "Legacy Town." Legacies come sure and often. They come, too, mainly from America. You may go to bed with a pinched supper wondering where your breakfast will come from. Next morning, like as not, the postman may knock at your door and hand you a letter intimating you are heir to a vast fortune. The like has happened over and over and many times over again, and there is every indication of its continuing to do so. At present the place is delighted at the news, just to hand, of the coming from America to a poor Coalisland resident of a legacy of \$75,000. Only at the opening up of the present year another resident of the locality became likewise enriched by \$50,000. Whose turn next for a gift from an unknown quarter is the average upmost thought in the local mind. Human nature could hardly have it otherwise under the circumstances.

To give anything like a complete list of legacies of recent years even about the town would require a special edition of a newspaper to be printed. The following, penned off-handedly from memory, are but a small percentage of the people benefited by legacies the past very few years. Well up on \$5,000,000 have been received by them:

Joseph Howden, John Canavan, William O'Neill, Francis Woods, Peter Kelly, Charles O'Neill, D. O'Farrel, Mrs. Donnelly, Mrs. Stewart, Arthur Laverty, Frank McLernon, Henry Connolly, Michael O'Donnell, Connolly Cousins, Mrs. Devlin, John Devlin, John Gillis, Sr.; John Gillis, Jr.; William Gillis, Jane Gillis, Elizabeth McNight, Miss O'Neill, Misses Murphy, John Howard, Thomas Mallon, Brothers Howard, Bernard Kelly O'Hagan, Edward McGrath.

LEGACIES PENDING

THEN the following legacies are pending: The Corr legacy, that left by a man named Corr, who is stated to have died intestate in Canada, and whose disposable property is estimated at \$250,000. Claimant is a Miss Bridget Corr, near Coalisland.

The Garland legacy, which comes from New Zealand, is valued at \$40,000.

The Simpson legacy. This one emanates from New York, and is a \$10,000 one. Claimed by a female here.

The McEvoy legacy—good for \$40,000, and springs from Philadelphia. Claimants are a family of the same name here.

LUCKY EVERYWHERE

NOT a few either in other parts of the world to whom windfalls have come were Coalisland folk. The John McClusky, so much in the public eye three or four years ago as the laborer brought from Glasgow, Scotland, to New York to take over his deceased brother's \$60,000 estate, is a Coalislander, and he has married and settled down in the old country not far from his native town. Then John Devlin of Philadelphia, ruled by Judge Gummey in a Philadelphia court in November, 1911, to be the only legal heir to the \$100,000 estate of a deceased Philadelphia friend, is also a native of Coalisland.

Charles Woods of New Jersey, who succeeded to a fortune four years ago in his home town, is also a Coalislander man.

Again the following Coalisland people and friends of Coalisland people in New York became legatees at the end of 1912: For \$50,000, John A. Quinn, Mrs. Carroll; for \$25,000, Dr. Coulter, R. C. Bishop; for \$35,000, the Cavanagh family; for \$700, Mrs. O'Rorke, Miss Kate Quinn, Miss Sarah Kelly. There are hundreds of Coalisland people in the United States at present who have become independently rich by legacies.

THE NEW DOLLARS AT WORK

THE American dollar plays an important part in all estate sales about Coalisland. The local emigrant is by no means forgetful of the old sod. The following Coalisland Americans have become property owners here since 1910 arrived:

Messrs. O'Neill Brothers, who reside in Philadelphia, purchased a historic old king's residence and lands at \$10,000.

Mr. James McGrath, Philadelphia, houses and lands at \$45,000.

Miss Catherine Herron, Coalisland and Philadelphia, nice block of tenement houses at \$2,500.

Mr. Peter McGrath, Pittsburgh, gentleman's residence and lands at \$10,000.

Mr. McTasney, recently of Philadelphia, attractive home and farm at \$1,250.

Mr. Bernard O'Hagan, recently of Philadelphia, farm at \$5,000.

Miss Carr, New York, splendid home and farm at \$2,500.

Mr. J. Dorman, Philadelphia, farm for \$2,050.

Mr. Corr, Philadelphia, farm for \$1,500.

Mr. McNulty, Pittsburgh and New York, gentleman's residence and farm for \$20,000.

COALISLAND INDEPENDENT

THE town is to a great extent independent. A lot of the laws made in the British Parliament for Ireland have got little or nothing to do with Coalisland. The Irish Towns Weekly Half-Holiday Act, the latest work of Parliament for this country, for instance, does not apply, though it does to the rest of the country. Neither are there by-laws of whatsoever kind, and if you suggested any you would be simply laughed at. The people can get along nicely without such nuisances. Everybody has the success of the town at heart, and everybody gives a helping hand to make it flourish. Coalisland is second to no town of its size for public

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\$35



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Weight: 17 pounds

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The machine was so welcome, so widely-wanted, that the sale has jumped to 150 per day. It is now the most popular adding machine in America.

Note the Advantages

The price is so low that every desk may have its individual Adder.

Instead of the central machine, for which workers must wait, you have at the same cost a number of adders.

No expert is needed. Each worker makes his own additions.

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Competent adders have heretofore cost \$150 minimum. Now comes a machine at \$35 which does all that they do, quickly and accurately.

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There are only seven keys. The figures are clear. Copying mistakes are improbable.

But each complete number, before the addition, shows clearly on the keyboard. A glance checks it up with your copy. The machine itself never errs.

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Write us at once for particulars, and proof that we will aid you most to get most money for your invention. A. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. L Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869.

works and general trade in the United Kingdom. The local do-as-you-like law has proved not a bad one, commercially and morally. Nobody is doing seriously wrong under it, and the town is going ahead.

The only official-like title holders are a cat and a dog, which migrated to the town. They are designated "The Town Cat" and "The Town Dog." The dog is ruler of the dogs, and the cat of both the cats and the dogs. Hence their titles arose.

There is in Coalisland what probably there is not in any other town or village in the inhabitable globe—a piece of itself that nobody has any claim to. This piece is called "Nobody's," and it is in the very center of the town, and the market house stands right in the middle of it. It is practically windproof, for the market-house walls, and another high wall which protects the town from the canal alongside, together with the houses in the immediate vicinity, shelter the place from all the winds that blow.

SAFE IN "NOBODY'S"

COUNTRY people when they dispose of their goods—turf, etc.—put their horses and donkeys and empty carts here until they are ready for going home. They are safe here—from the weather

and the law. Some of the more intelligent of the older animals, if elsewhere in the town and their owners not with them, see a policeman approach, move at once of their own accord to "Nobody's," and remain there until their owners come for them. They thus save their owners from prosecution and themselves from arrest and detention.

GOODNESS THRIVES

A PROSECUTION by one member of the district against another is what never was known, and liker than not never will be. There is nothing to call a bad crime committed in the town or over the whole countryside, and no native of the locality, as far as is known, was ever hanged or transported for taking away the life of his fellow mortal either at home or abroad.

In Coalisland some very clever men reside, some of them inventors of credit. The secret of perpetual motion is considered well in hand by one of these, and it is quite possible that soon—very soon perhaps—this revolutionizing, this world-startling discovery may be made by him, and Coalisland, as the town from which it emanated, become therefor historically famous to the end of time.



Anson
to
Comiskey
to
Chase

By

MALCOLM MACLEAN

GEET into a pair of seven-league boots and hasten back to Centennial year when the National League was in its swaddling clothes. Fans were sounding the praises of a husky, pink-cheeked lad who was playing first base for the Chicago club. Adrian C. Anson was hitting harder than any man who had preceded him. His manner of catching thrown balls was considered phenomenal.

Like all first basemen who guarded the position since the game graduated from the "o-cat" stage, Anson kept one foot firmly planted on the sack. This was the accepted custom. If he was so careless as to remove said shoe for an instant he quickly corrected himself.

First basemen were hired to act as targets and to slug the ball. It was up to their mates to throw within fairly easy reaching distance. Grounders hit a few feet to the right of them went as singles—that is, if the second basemen couldn't cover that far. First-base tacties were in the cave-dwelling age.

Six years later the baseball world was shaken to its foundation. A tall, slender boy named Charley Comiskey had started in to revolutionize the system of playing the initial station. From the first day he signed with the St. Louis Browns, he sprinted after grounders which had formerly been considered hits—and got them. Fouls caught on the first bound were called outs in those first few years of the big leagues. Few made much of an effort to trap them. Not so with Comiskey. He took such long chances it became dangerous to foul within running distance of him.

A BIG, NEW IDEA

GREAT ball players shook their heads gravely. Other first basemen were furious. It was plainly up to them to wise up and hustle. Yet they were slow in realizing something new had been added to the sport. This is an historic fact—every innovation in baseball has been bitterly fought until finally adopted.

Comiskey was an instant success. St. Louis raved over the youth. A month later every city on the Association circuit was warmly applauding him.

Though from Missouri, he was willing to show rather than be shown. He managed to make first base what it had never been before—a playing position of equal possibilities with second, short, and third.

Comiskey's first experiences were on prairie lots in Chicago, where he was born. When little more than a boy he attended St. Mary's College in Kansas and played with the school nine. He was a pitcher. Ted Sullivan was on the same team and later became Comiskey's manager at Dubuque and St. Louis. He saw the possibilities in the youth and was largely responsible in developing his talents.

After leaving St. Mary's Comiskey was connected with various semi-pro and minor league clubs. He pitched for Ted Sullivan's Dubuque squad during the years included between 1878 and 1881. Dubuque was a semi-pro aggregation that first season, but later joined the old Northwestern League.

IN TRAINING

SALARIES in those days were small, especially when compared with what players receive to-day. For this reason Comiskey secured a job (if wasn't a position) as a train salesman. In other words he sold books, fruit, candy, and other articles on a certain run out of Dubuque. This helped him meet his room and board bills.

Comiskey had developed a sore arm during his last season with the Dubuque club and realized his pitching days were about over. He saw his ambitions of becoming a major leaguer slipping away. Although this naturally gave him much concern, he studied the situation carefully. This ability to think and plan is what has made him master of the White Sox.

As pitching was out of the question he considered first base. The position required a heavy hitter. He never was noted as a slugger. So he determined to tackle it along fielding lines.

At this point Comiskey decided to take Ted Sullivan into his confidence. The manager agreed to help every way in his power.

There was a large freight yard near

the supply house where the train merchants replenished their stocks. It lay in a hollow with an embankment on either side. Comiskey chose this as his practice field.

Whenever he had a spare hour or two he called Sullivan up and the pair trudged to the yards. Comiskey would take a brick and pretend it was first base. Then Sullivan hit grounders down to him. The going was rough, but that small matter failed to bother the young man. He would catch the sphere and sprint back to first, endeavoring to beat the imaginary runner.

BASEBALL IN THE MAKING

AT first Sullivan knocked balls close to the base. Gradually the distance was increased until Comiskey became an adept at trapping hard grounders far to the right of him.

He decided to play the position several yards back and with the sack a considerable space to his left. In this way he could get balls hit to either side of him and still be able to keep his eye on the sack.

It was during this formative period that Comiskey conceived the idea of having the pitcher cover first while he himself shagged the grounders. In his mind's eye he saw the twirler hustling for the bag as he sprinted for the ball. Wheeling the instant the catch was made he threw or lobbed toward the base. Of course no pitcher was there to assist. That made no difference with the youth. He figured there might be one some day.

Baseball has no duplicate of the setting in which this almost daily scene was enacted. Panting switch engines passed and repassed, throwing cinders and smoke in their faces. They paid no attention to this discomfort nor did they heed the shouts of the engineers, firemen, and yard hands off duty, who lined the embankment, laughing and kidding the players.

Some of these onlookers are doubtless alive to-day and would remember the incident. They were unaware at the time they were watching baseball in the making.

Comiskey had written to several club owners asking for a trial. Two replies came the same day, one from Louisville and the other from St. Louis.

Louisville offered a larger salary, but Comiskey wanted to play in St. Louis. He believed the field would be better there for a recruit. So he reported within a few hours after accepting the terms. There were few details for him to settle in Dubuque.

The manager of the Browns, noticing the young man enter the club's dressing rooms, called him aside and inquired what position he played.

"I'm a broken-down pitcher," answered Comiskey. "I might as well be frank with you. But I've been practicing first base and believe I could fill the bill."

REVOLUTION

COMISKEY'S looks must have impressed the manager. At any rate he benched his regular player—a slugger—that same afternoon and gave his recruit a chance to show his gait.

The game hadn't gone far before

Comiskey went far back off the sack and caught a difficult foul on the first bounce.

Later he accepted an even harder opening. The fans gasped with astonishment. Their wonder grew as the new Brown player chased a grounder far to his right and beat the man to the base by a narrow margin. Then they realized why he stood so far from the sack. Comiskey made it so apparent no explanation was needed.

That evening the unusual performances of the recruit were discussed wherever baseball enthusiasts gathered. Within a week the manager would have been chased out of town had he tried to remove Comiskey from the line-up. The regular guardian of first base—the mighty slugger—was a confirmed bench warmer already.

At the end of the second month Comiskey was made field captain. His pay envelope contained a check for \$125—the same sum Louisville had offered and which he had refused.

His latent ability as a baseball general came to light the instant he was given charge of the Browns.

A new fielding policy was immediately adopted.

Every morning he had his pitchers out on the field, working with them until they covered first to his satisfaction.

They tried the system in a game and it went like a charm. The opposition was paralyzed. Runners found that open space between first and second had been suddenly closed up.

"INSIDE BALL"

IF Comiskey couldn't quite reach the ball the second baseman would. And a pitcher would be standing on first to receive the throw.

This play is still used to-day, never having been improved upon. It comes under the heading of "Inside ball."

Comiskey asked his second sacker to draw a line on the field indicating how far he could come toward first for grounders.

"Now every ball that goes on your side of the line you take care of," said the captain. "I'll get the rest."

Years afterward he told how he realized his playing days were drawing to a close.

"At first I had no trouble with grounders near that line the second baseman made," he exclaimed. "As the seasons passed by I noticed I was hugging the base closer. Finally I found myself all but standing on it. As the bench was the next nearest position I decided to sit there before I became anchored."

Present-day first basemen follow the same systems mapped out by Comiskey in that Dubuque freight yard thirty years ago.

He was so thorough in his methods that nobody has been able to think up anything better since.

Hal Chase, who is Comiskey's first sacker to-day, is generally considered the peer of his rivals. Those who have seen both Comiskey and Chase in action say the former doesn't suffer in comparison.



They did not heed the shouts of the engineers, firemen, and yard hands off duty

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The Case of Eytinge

(Continued from page 8)

perhaps from several hundred to a thousand dollars. And yet he has none.

What becomes of it? Here is a quotation from a letter which explains in part at least: "To my personal knowledge Eytinge's money has paid for milk and eggs for men who were too sick to eat prison fare. Eytinge's money has paid for sending paroled prisoners home to die. He has given many men going out of prison money to start life on. In doing for others Eytinge has found himself."

Even his relatives, who have suffered so much through his failures, begin to have faith and to write him words of encouragement that are priceless, while some of them who are in business go so far as to give him commissions for the preparation of advertising.

"Some day you will come out," I said to Louis; "you will get the chance you are earning. Do you think there is any danger that you will fall back into the old ways?"

With folded arms he was leaning forward upon his desk. For a moment his shoulders were bowed in deep thought.

"No," he said at length, deliberately and gravely, like a man who sensed the full pressure of possible temptations. "It backs down fundamentally to the old question of money wants. I shall want money as badly as ever, but I know a better way to get money than by forging a lie; and there is more pleasure and exhilaration of achievement in the new way. Besides, I have found there is more in life than money. I have tapped new sources of satisfaction in life which titillate nerves I did not know I had. No—" and his strange eyes lighted with the look of a man who sees a vision—"no, after seeing what I have learned to see in life, I do—not—think—I—ever could." That is Eytinge's carefully considered judgment upon the state of his own being. I believe it is entitled to consideration.

If Eytinge's judgment is correct, it is vastly more than individually impor-

tant, for it is one more proof that America is finding a better way with her criminals. Last year there were 103,000 penal commitments in these States of ours. Eytinge is a type of many of them. He was American bred and born and schooled; he was ruined by the commonest American sin, extravagance. Yet the country concerned itself little enough about him till he became socially unbearable. Then it sequestered him and concerned itself less. It entombed him, banned him, forgot him.

THE NEW SPIRIT

BUT a new spirit comes stealing into our prison management and a new attitude into the public mind, and both overlook this sealed-up soul. In few prisons outside of America, and indeed in but few here, and in those but recently, could a life term have enjoyed the privileges which are redeeming Eytinge. And where but in America would business and professional men have responded to uninvited letters from an unknown sufferer with that ready sympathy and frank brotherliness which have reacted so remarkably upon the character of the man?

As a matter of fact, the whole setting of the drama is typically and modernly American. Arizona, with her twin, is the newest of our States. Her benevolent Governor, thirty years ago a waiter in a restaurant in a mining camp, a storekeeper almost to the day of his inauguration, is essentially a type of our times and country. The prisoner himself, rolled in the dust, scarred, stung, but unbeaten, making his prison bars rattle with defiance to the fates, and sitting down to write: "How far I'll climb is not for me to say—but—if aim and intent count for anything—and confidence, too—they'll not limit myself," breathes the dauntless American spirit.

Nor is he just one man alone. Rather he is one of a class, and with this class America begins to find a better way.

Barney and King Lear

(Continued from page 6)

spoiled a lot of good-looking plants. Is Cooney a convincing liar?"

Barney shook his head.

"Is he the sort of man who'd have money in the bank and keep quiet about it?"

"I guess—"

"In fact, you know he's not, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, what are you going to do about it? Your plant's so full of holes it would collapse in a week."

BARNEY looked down at his feet. "Well, I guess that's all there is to it."

"No. Not altogether." Babbing swung around to look out the window. "You've started right. Have the Buntzes a telephone in the house?"

"I—I don't know."

"Find that out. Wait a minute. See Cooney to-night and explain to him that he has a paid-up policy for five thousand dollars—say in the Calabrian Life. That's a foreign company that doesn't exist. Their agent has a desk in 1047. (Room 1047 was one of the unlabeled operatives' rooms of the Babbing Detective Bureau.) "This policy has been made out in favor of Cooney's two daughters, understand? They'd get five thousand dollars between them when he died. But he's been so pinched for money that he wants to cash in the policy right away. And the agent of the Calabrian Life can only offer him fifteen hundred dollars for it. Do you get that?"

"Sure Mi— Yes, sir."

"Good. As soon as you have Cooney ready, we'll telephone to Buntz's—or have Fisher drop in there, if they haven't a phone—and ask for Cooney, and let it slip that he wants to see the old man about a paid-up policy. That'll start the Buntzes in the direction we want them to move. Then you can have Fisher, as agent of the insurance company, write a letter to Cooney telling him that the cash value of the policy is only fifteen hundred dollars. And Cooney can consult the machinist about the letter. Understand? If the machinist comes to 1047, Fisher can take care of him. Arrange for that."

"Yes, sir."

"Then we'll have Lear's two daughters up against the proposition that if they drive their father out on the street, he'll have to sell his policy and they'll lose

five thousand by it. And unless I'm a false prophet, they'll each begin trying to edge the other out of the old man's affections, so as to get the whole five thousand for herself. And Mr. Cooney will be happy as long as he can keep his secret."

"Gee!" Barney said, "that's a peach."

"Good. I'm glad you like it. Go ahead, now, and let me see you pull it off. I'll phone Fisher to help you."

Barney hesitated. "He won't be able to pay us a cent, chief—Cooney won't."

Babbing dropped his cigar butt in the cinders and reached for his desk phone. "Tell him I'm doing this for him as a fellow member of the International Brotherhood of Male Parents. I'm a father myself. If he wants to, he can leave directions in his will that we're to be paid out of his life insurance after he dies. . . . Hello. Put Fisher on here." He added to Barney, his lips twitching: "I'd like to live long enough to interview the daughters, when they come to 1047 to claim that insurance money. Run along, now, and get busy."

BARNEY ran. He found that the Buntzes had a telephone—for the convenience of their lodgers—and he helped Fisher prepare his letter as agent of the life insurance company. Fisher improved on the plant. Having an artistic conscience, he was not satisfied until he had hunted up a fraudulent insurance policy that had come into the office files in connection with a swindle long since prosecuted; and he altered the policy to insure Cooney for five thousand dollars, and he wrote his own name and office address on it as agent of the company. "Now, young man," he said, "there's a perfectly good forgery that'll land me in trouble if Cooney tries to borrow on it. You be careful who sees that document, and get it back to me as soon as they've swallowed it."

"Leave it to me," Barney gloated. "It's a pippin. It'll make th' ol' geezer feel he's goin' to die rich."

He got an interview with Cooney after supper that evening, in a beer-sour room off Dolan's bar; and he explained the plant to the bewildered old man over and over, till Cooney's face was bright with understanding. "Saints in heaven," he kept muttering to himself, at admiring intervals. "The little devil! Look at that, wud ye? Don't that beat the



"I noticed my partner had the cleanest, whitest-looking teeth I had seen in many a day."

"I asked him about it.

"He turned to me with an engaging smile—I realized then that his teeth were what made that smile so engaging—and replied:

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"Then he told me my teeth were in splendid condition and I have sworn by Pebeco ever since."

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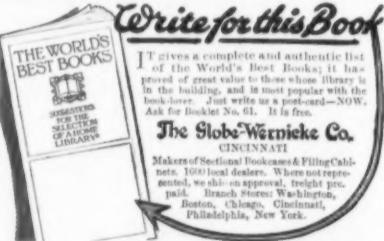
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Dutch! Who'd 'a' thought ay that! Faith, he's the wunder ay the wurrd!"

BARNEY carried himself as if he were. "Don't you open yer mouth, now, to nobody," he ordered, "er you'll ditch the whole frame-up. Just show the letter to 'em—when it comes to-morrah—an' if they want to see the policy let 'em have a squint at it. I got to have it back again to-morrah night, mind."

Cooney put the paper in his inside pocket and buttoned his coat over it, reluctantly. "Trust me, boy. Trust me."

"Well, I don't trust you much," Barney assured him cheekily, "but the plant's so good, you'll have yer own time crabbin' it. Go ahead," he concluded, in Babbing's best manner, "an' don't try to be too glib; that's all. Let them do their own thinkin'. I'll see you here on my way home to supper, to-morrah, eh?"

"Ye will that." He pulled down his hat on his eyes like a conspirator. "Trust me, boy. Trust me. I'm no such fool as ye'd think."

And Cooney, foreseeing another quarrel, sneaked away to keep his appointment with Barney, two hours ahead of time. He had promised to tell no one of Barney's plot—not even Barney's mother. But he accompanied Barney to his home, to see that "wunder ay the wurrd" safely housed for the night, and he did not try to disguise the fact from Mrs. Cook that her boy was "a janus," "Faith, ma'am," he whispered at the door, "tis beyond belief, but he's got them two girls quarlin' now about which one's to have the honor—mind ye—ay boardin' me! Not a wurrd, ma'am. Not a wurrd, on yer soul. It'd ruin all!"

MRS. COOK said not a word—not even to Barney. But if Barney had rewritten "King Lear," and been crowned with laurel by all the academies of civilization for it, he could not have come home to a more proudly devoted household than sat down with him at the table that night to hear him talk about his doings for the day. He saw it in their faces. "Waiter," he said to Annie, "dish up the best in the house. I don't care what it costs. I've got my salary raised. Hurry up."

Well, there had not been. Not any. The

insurance company was trying to persuade their innocent father to take fifteen hundred dollars for a five-thousand-dollar policy. A paid-up policy in favor of his two daughters, payable after his death!

Mrs. Buntz was soon as indignant as her sister. She read the policy aloud—every word of it—with fine conviction; and she followed it with the agent's letter, sarcastically, rather through the nose. "That," she said, "was written by a thief."

It was she who thought to ask why they had never heard of the policy before. Cooney mumbled: "I'd forgot about it, girl. Twas all paid up, years since."

Mrs. Buntz said: "There now! It's a good thing you have us to look after you, or you'd be in a nice way. I was just thinkin' to-day that when Kathleen sells her house—"

"I'm not goin' to sell the house," Kathleen cut in. "As long as paw lives, he'll have his own roof over him—"

"I don't see that this roof is any more his than ours is," Mrs. Buntz maintained. "He's got as good right—"

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(Continued from page 17)

A Put-up Job

stepped into an empty room and waited while Lorraine was summoned and dispatched to duty elsewhere.

"Now, what's up?" demanded Ashton.

Manners jerked his head toward No. 3, and the captain, understanding from this that Miss Mercier was not to be allowed to hear, followed the waiter to the rest room at the other end of the hall. There things were explained to him, and he expressed himself with more sincerity than elegance as being on Butterfield's side.

"Of course it gets a whole flock of my Angoras to have the boys balling up the watch on me. You know yourself it don't do to have a good spender like that feller was that kicked on Butterfield hollering that the waiter swiped his girl on him; but I bet whatever Butterfield did was square anyhow, and Lorraine, he's so crooked he couldn't walk through a tunnel."

"I'll talk to Miss Mercier while you folks are busy yet and she'll be in good shape for you and one or two of the other boys to tackle and get the straight of it. She's a good kid and she's got a heart like an ox."

It was as the captain predicted: Miss Mercier, once she was assured of the kind intentions of her questioners explained all she knew of the causes leading to Butterfield's dismissal. How he had seen to it that her shortage was made good, refusing to tell her by what means he had accomplished it, and later, how he had told her of a young girl's presence in a private room with a man who meant her harm; how he had somehow succeeded in getting the girl to leave her escort; and how she had been brought to Miss Mercier's office and from there taken to a carriage by Butterfield and sent home, safe and sound. Her scorn for Lorraine, for tattling, was fairly scathing and only equaled in intensity by her desire to see Butterfield reinstated.

"Huh!" said Fitch, in deepest gloom. "There's no room at Maximum's for even Butterfield. Boys are going to be laid off, not taken on. The head waiter wouldn't believe the truth about this, and he wouldn't hire him back again for all we could say."

"Well, Mr. Fitch," said Miss Mercier,

sharpening a penell in the usual awkward feminine way as if bound to cut herself, "if the head waiter won't believe truth we must give him some lies. If he thinks he don't want another waiter it's our business to see that he changes his mind and, furthermore, that the waiter is Butterfield. Isn't that the call board I hear buzzing? You finish up your parties, and I'll see if I can't think of something."

Manners, Frawley, Fitch, and Captain Ashton shook hands all around. "Butterfield is as good as here is."

LATE the same evening the head waiter was called to the telephone. Before she switched him onto the line, Miss Mercier spoke to him herself. "Sorry to have to call you, Mr. Bard. The gentleman would not give me his name, even when I told him it was the rule, but he insisted upon speaking to you. He is rather cranky but an awfully good customer of ours up here and we humor him all we can. Here he is."

The gentleman began by berating the head waiter for dismissing his favorite waiter, one Butterfield, and ended by threatening never to darken Maximum's doors again if Butterfield was not reinstated. He declared by all the gods of gastronomy that the waiter tribe was worthless, root and branch, and properly only confined out of solitary confinement on sufferance of a generous public, but, that as waiters went, Butterfield was a bright and shining exception. "Why, sir," he sputtered, "that man was the only one I have ever discovered during forty years' long and painful experience with waiters that knew how to take an order and to pour Tokay."

"I am about to go out of town for a week, and when I return I shall expect to see my waiter back at his post. My name? My name? Did you say, sir? What does it signify, sir? You do not know me nor I—ahem!—you; I am one of the great public that supports you. Remember, unless my man is there but—I've made myself clear to you. Good-by!" The receiver was banged into the hook with a clatter and the head waiter had something to think about.

Frawley emerged from one of the telephone booths in the upper hall and re-



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ceived the applause of his fellow conspirators. "Great stuff, boy, marvelous! You ought to be on the stage. You did that great! Whee! I could almost see the old guy's chin whiskers bobbin."

Miss Mercier was delighted. "That's it! Now everybody remember that this imaginary old man is rich, and comes up here often and always spends a mint of money on his friends. Don't forget that he always insisted upon having Butterfield serve him and that he hasn't given us any rest since Butterfield went, wanting to know when he would be back. Don't forget how mad he was when he found out that Butterfield wasn't coming back and how he vows unless he does, that after this he will spend all his money at the Palmer. Mr. Manners, you're Butterfield's friend, so you can afford to say how you could not please the old fellow to save your life. But everybody be careful not to overdo the thing."

She took her purse off its hook and opened it. "Boys, he helped me out once; here's a dollar to start a little stake for him. He won't need much and I know there is no use trying to give him much, but if it's so that he's sleeping on a park bench, somebody ought to look him up and get him a room until we can get his job for him again."

The extant five of "The Sinful Six" and Captain Ashton, all dug up a dollar each, the mop boys, Peter and Repeter, so christened by Butterfield himself, hovered near, having got enough of the thing into their Slavic heads to know for whom the fund was meant. "Butterfield, he broke?" asked Peter. Miss Mercier nodded. Two grimy hands were inserted in pockets and fifty cents between them brought forth. The cashier thanked them prettily. They went off grinning. Not every day in the week did Peter and Repeter have an opportunity to show their hearty affection for Butterfield, who more than once had played Providence to them and tempered the wind to their shorn selves.

Ashton excused Manners to hunt up Butterfield and the rest scurried off to attend to insistent bells.

THE head waiter climbed the marble-staircase stairs and interviewed first Ashton and then Miss Mercier, hearing enough about Butterfield's popularity with certain moneyed patrons to make him begin to wish him back.

"Yes, of course we can't hire him over again, Mr. Bard, but it's a fact just the same that since Butterfield's gone, some of his customers don't come any more."

"Aw, he was a wonder; he could get along with anybody, and you know yourself, nobody could get folks to order more than he could. It was a shame we had to fire him, but it's too late now. Folks will change around anyhow and—"

Miss Mercier looked through the money window up at Bard, laughing. "—and anyhow, the Palmer can use the money as well as Maximum's—let them go there," she finished.

"Oh, no, keep them coming here, even if we have to hire the man again. But I won't be in a hurry until I'm sure that the people really want him. One kick, even a stiff kick like this one, can't be called a unanimous request," said the head waiter.

Before he was out of hearing Miss Mercier was at her switchboard again. Clearly, her light voice reached him as it soared over the partition separating

her from the hall. "No sir, Butterfield doesn't work here any more, but I can give you a good waiter for your supper party. I'm sorry, but he isn't here. Shall I reserve a private room for you? Oh—good-by." She put a lingering note of regret in the last few words.

BARD, pausing on the top steps to hear the outcome, heard her speak impatiently to Ashton: "Now why wouldn't that man come? He must think Butterfield is the only waiter on earth."

Ashton pretended not to notice Bard. "He is a good waiter, and jolly, and they're used to him. The public is a funny thing. A little thing gets 'em coming to a place and a littler thing gets 'em going somewhere else. Hi—ho—hum!" And he yawned.

Bard resumed his way, meditatively snapping his fingers.

Captain Branturr of the other watch was taken into the confidence of the plotters and he, too, put in a good word for the departed Butterfield, saying to the head waiter that he, personally, would give six of a certain class of slovenly waiters just then annoying him for one like Butterfield.

Maloney, calling upon his never-failing stock of effrontry, told one of his own particular patrons of the scheme and that gentleman, never averse to reaching down a hand to help up some man on a lower ledge of the mountain we must all climb, approached Bard on his way out. He requested that Bard have Butterfield write out the recipe for the fish dressing of which he was so fond. "Be sure to get Butterfield's; it's an idea of his own, and tiptop. I'll be in for it to-morrow." His despair was almost overcome when he was told that Butterfield was gone, never to return. "Where is he employed now?" he asked just before leaving.

Certain spendthrift young men, well known upstairs as well as down and indebted many times to Captain Ashton for temporary assistance, were inspired by him to begin worrying Maximum himself. And Maximum, having long since forgiven Butterfield, suggested to his reluctant head waiter that the wanderer be invited to return. But not until a beautiful lady of easy virtue summoned Bard to her presence and stamped her foot, declaring with perverse insistence that Butterfield must be taken back, did the head waiter give in.

She insisted that his promise be carried out at once, vowing that she would forever shake the dust of Maximum's from her silken skirts if the fat, middle-aged, commonplace waiter, who sometimes gave her fatherly lectures on the extreme error of her ways, did not return immediately to minister to her needs.

BARD rang the bell, which Lorraine answered. "I know you will be glad, Lorraine, to tell your captain to look up Butterfield right away; I want to see him. Tell the boys that if any of them know where he is, to let me know."

As soon as he had heard the message, which was bitter as gall in the mouth of the messenger, Ashton called the boys together and they filed in to congratulate the delighted cashier. "Boys," said he, "the next time anything goes wrong just tell Miss Mercier; she'll think of something! I'll bet anyone in the crowd in ten spot that Butterfield will be on the job to-morrow."

(Continued from page 20)

Nerve
to it if you can, an' if you don't see this play thro', you're a ——"

"The poor kid couldn't move! he just sits there slumped down in his chair, starin' at Tex with his mouth hangin' open, waitin' for his finish!"

"O' course I'm due about this time, an' when the gun leaves the table I'm on the operatin' end of it an' Tex is Dustin' the cellin' with his finger tips!"

"Soon's ever the kid see's I've got him covered, he give a jump and lit runnin'! Never stopped to cash his chips nor nothin'! Just dodged for the door, an' he didn't stop to beg nobody's pardon neither!"

"Come on!" sez Tex when the kid's gone, 'put that gun in storage, Charley! I wasn't aimin' to hurt the kid! I knowed he wouldn't have the nerve to pick up my play! He was gettin' so cocky holdin' all them big hands. I just wanted to show him where he got off in a real game!"

"O' course it really ain't, none o' my row, so I give him his gun, an' we has a drink a piece on it an' the auction's over. Come twelve o'clock, I'm off shift for an

hour to get my eats. I'm across in the restaurant havin' chow when in comes the kid. He comes straight over to my table an' sat down, an' sir, I never see a man so awful white! His jaw was clinched so hard you could see the little ridges in his face where the cords stood out. He set there with his elbows on the table, thrustin' an' pullin' his fingers, lookin' straight at me, but never sayin' a word! Seemed's if his jaw was shut so awful tight he couldn't git it open to speak! All the scared, peerin' look was gone out o' his eyes; they was dead hard an' stern, but awful solemn an' sad like.

"Mr. Nelson," he sez finally, steady as a clock. "I've got to fight with that man."

"You've got to what?" sez I.

"I've got to fight with that man that insulted me this evenin'," he goes on. "I've simply got to do it, sir! When I left the dance hall I ran right down to the boat and locked myself in my stateroom and I've been lyin' there ever since thinkin' it all over! I've got to do it!"

"Why, boy!" I sez, "what's the matter with you? You're crazy. You can't fight him, you haven't got the ghost of a show! an' once you get him sure 'nough riled up he'll finish you!"

"Yes, sir," he sez, monotonous an' steady as an old clock a-ticklin'. "I know he will, but there isn't any other way! If I were to leave town without fightin' him after the names he called me, I'd be a coward, and she doesn't like cowards. You see, sir, I don't want to fight, but it's my duty, so there isn't anythin' else for me to do."

"O' course," he sez, "it's useless for me to attempt to fight him with my fists, so I want you to loan me your revolver."

"O' course, first off, I wasn't goin' to let him have it, but as I sit there tryin' to figure out what to say to get this nutty idea out o' his head, it come over me strong that hid away somewhere's in that little carcass o' his was a chunk o' *real man* that's got to be treated *as such*. O' course a *man's* got to play his own game, an' I cracked him my gun."

"Kid," sez I, "go your way! Now listen! This Tex's quicker'n chain lightnin' on the draw. Keep out o' sight, get up to him from behind an' git close so's you can't miss! Cover him an' tell him "han's up," watch them han's! an' if one of 'em makes a wiggle anyways 'ceptin' straight up, don't wait fer nothin' else, but shoot! an' keep on shootin'! 'cause he'll draw an' drop ye 'fore ever you can pull a trigger!" An' just then the door opens an' in comes Tex!

"We're sittin' at a table on the left-hand side as you come in, about halfway back, an' as luck'd have it, Tex is just in to buy a smoke, an' turns to the cigar case at the end o' the counter, an' on the right-hand side, an' stands there with his back turned our way 'thout ever seein' us."

"I'm sittin' facin' the door so the kid don't see him come in. I leans over the table and whispers to him:

"Keep cool!" I sez, "here he is!"

"THE kid turns around quick, see's him standin' there, an' sir, he never hesitated nor nothin'. He got right up an' walked toward the door, like's if he was goin' on out, holdin' the gun down 'long-side his leg, an' when he's most at the door an' right behind Tex, he stops, points the gun at him, an' sez, just as natural an' easy as a man'd ask for a match:

"Oh, Mr. Morrissey."

"Tex he turns to see who's callin' him, see's the kid holdin' the gun right down on him an' starts back agin the counter with his eyes fair poppin' out o' his head!"

"Put your hands up over your head just a minute until I get thro' talkin'," sez the kid. An' when they're elevated proper,

he goes on: "You insulted me this evenin', Mr. Morrissey, an' dared me to fight you. I was scared and ran away. I didn't want to fight you, but I find I have to."

"I have heard that you are accustomed to handlin' a gun and have the knack of gettin' it out of your pocket very quickly, so of course I'd have no chance at all unless I had mine out first. I'll hold my gun down at my side, and I give you my word that I won't raise it to fire until I see that your hand is at your pocket. I'm very sure that that will be fair to you. That's all, sir! you can take your hands down now and take out your revolver whenever you are ready."

"An' the kid drops his gun at his side!

"Tex stood there kind o' crouched a little, scrooped back agin the ease, starin' at the kid, an' the kid he's just watchin' them hands same as I told him to.

"THEY stood that way, neither one of 'em movin' a muscle for maybe half a minute! It seemed to me like an hour! An' then Tex began to lower his right hand awful slow! He'd move it down maybe an inch at a time an' then stop!

"It come down inch by inch till it was even with his neck! Then down on his chest, an' there she stops, an' they stood there starin' at each other, neither one of 'em battin' an eye, an' then the sweat begin to come out on Tex, an' I knew he was all thro'!

"Then his chest started heavin' like he'd been runnin' hard, an' his hand starts movin' up again, slow, inch by inch just like he'd brought it down, till it's up over his head agin!

"All this time you could see his face sort o' goin' to pieces just like rotten ice, it look's if you could poke it with your finger an' leave a dent in it!"

"He licks his lips a couple o' times an' sez in a sort o' whisper, 'Don't shoot! don't shoot!' Let me go, will you?"

"Yes, sir," sez the kid, steady and clear, by Hokey! as a man could speak. "I'll be glad to if you'll apologize for what you said to me to-night."

"I take it back," sez Tex. "Can I go now?"

"Certainly," sez the kid, an' Tex turns round an' walks out still holdin' his hands in the air, like's if he'd forgot they was up there!

"After he's gone the kid looks down at the gun in his hand an' studies it for a minute curious like, winks his eyes fast like a sleep-walker comin' to, turns the gun over in his hand an' studies it in a puzzled kind o' way, an' then the scared look began to come back on him, an' all of a sudden he gives a yell an' throws that gun away from him like's if he'd been holdin' a rattlesnake an' just found it out, an' then down he goes in a fit, laughin' an' cryin' at the same time!

"I took him down to the boat an' stayed with him till she sailed! Sat in his stateroom an' tried to figure out how that shakin' bundle o' misery layin' in the bunk had ever stood on his two feet an' outgamed a tough old gunman like Tex!

"When they called 'All ashore' an' I got up to go he grabbed hold o' my hand with both o' his an' looks up at me pleadin' like. His face was all streaked over with tears, an' his eyes was red an' swollen from cryin'. He looked like a ten-year-old kid that'd been spanked an' put to bed without his supper!

"Mr. Nelson," he sez, "Tell me the truth. Am I a coward?"

"Kid," sez I, "You're the *greatest* doggone man that ever stood in shoe leather!" An' in spite o' the fact that he's probly worryin' himself gray headed right now for fear somebody'll drop somethin' overboard from one o' these here flyin' machines some dark night an' kill him, I'm thinkin' I told him the gospel truth!"

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Advertising is Real, Live News

CAN you imagine what the situation would be if all Advertising were to be eliminated from the columns of the daily, weekly, and monthly publications?

There was an old song that used to tell us— "You'll never miss the water till the well runs dry"—and there's a thought there that we can apply to Advertising. I think we all take it too much as a matter of course and don't really appreciate what it means to each one of us personally and to the Progress of the world in general.

There can be no progress—or very little progress—without Advertising.

In her sane, practical, interesting, and educational book on "The New Housekeeping: Efficiency Studies in Home Management", Mrs. Christine Frederick says:

"Through Advertising, you hear very quickly now when something new and good appears; whereas, without Advertising, you might never hear of it, for dealers don't like to buy things unless there is a 'demand'. It actually nowadays costs less, per article, to sell goods, if Advertising is used to help, than if no Advertising is used. The large quantity of Advertising we see everywhere is simply taking the place of salesmen's bills for hotel and traveling expense, champagne for entertaining, and even bribes. Advertising is the more modern, clean, direct, and straightforward way of going right to the 'ultimate consumer' and telling about the goods. There is still Advertising waste and exaggeration and fraud, but it is being gradually but surely weeded out."

And the following is reprinted from "The Lantern", in reply to a criticism from one who, it says, "does not realize that nearly all knowledge, good and bad of course, is derived by the masses of our people through the efforts of Advertising":

"Advertising brought the art of printing, the reproduction process of pictures in America to the highest possible degree. Advertisements of today are written in the plainest and best of English. They not only tell the reader where to buy and what to buy, but they give him a lot of additional information, historical and geographical, and often valuable hints as to his personal conduct. The Advertiser tells the reader things no one else would think of telling him—for instance, some Trust or Savings Bank reminds in its Advertisement of the shortness of life, of the necessity of providing for the loved ones after death, and of drawing up a last will. In another Advertisement a cemetery company discloses to the reader the necessity of not only building a home for those alive, but also for those who have departed. It would be considered very rude if a member of the family made suggestions of this kind."

"The Savings Bank which implores every man to save a certain part of his income and is Advertising it drastically is doing social work."

"Advertising of today is the compounded, clear message of those who know to those who can profit by this knowledge. The motive is purely egotistic, but surely it is so on both sides."

H. C. Hammesfahr.

Manager Advertising Department—Collier's Weekly

COLLIER'S, THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THE SHOP WINDOW

HERE YOU WILL FIND EVERYTHING FROM A MEMORANDUM BOOK TO AN APPLE ORCHARD. YOU CAN GET VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION ABOUT MANY INTERESTING ARTICLES BY READING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS

Business Opportunities

Bookkeepers And Young Men—Attention! Are you planning for the future? Why not prepare yourself for a larger salary? It is simply a matter of training. Accountants are in demand. We prepare you to become an auditor, controller or certified public accountant. Correspondence and residence courses available. Write with full particulars. Why not "Learn While You Earn"? Send today for catalog. Walton School of Accounting, 380-382 People's Gas Building, Chicago.

Would You Like To Own A Good Paying Mail Order Business? We have a line that gets repeat orders all the time; you can start in spare time; invest a dollar or two a week and soon own a nice business of your own; write for particulars. Nadico, 1660 Belmont Ave., Chicago.

Start Mail Order Business, Responsible Corporation supplies best mail order. Factory prices. Quick return proposition. Copyrighted Prospectus free. Mississippi Co., Inc., 67 E. 5th St., Pittsburgh, Kansas.

Corsetiers And Dealers In Women's Wear Should get our Catalog (23), describing everything needed in corset shops. Best goods, lowest wholesale prices, biggest profits. Wade Corset Co., 79 E. 13th St., New York.

Advertisers, Mail Dealers! Our Advertising Guide gives rates, circulation of 2000 different publications, includes 30 mail order plans. Sent complete, 10c. Dearborn Advertising Agency, 358 Franklin Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

For Sale—Only Hotel In Ohio Town, 2,500 Population, clean, clear over \$4,000 per year profit; will check over past years and prove earnings; or write for change for farm. Write for invoice and particulars. F. Wilson, Kenton, O.

Collections

"Red Streaks Of Honesty Exist In Everybody," and thereby I collect over \$200,000 yearly from honest debts all over the world. Write for my Red Streak Book, free. Francis G. Luke, 77 Com. Nat. Bank Bldg., Great Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S.A. "Some People Don't Like Us."

Guaranteed Refrigerators

C-a-p-i-l-a-r-y, The Latest Refrigerator, No Ice Required, keeps contents cold around the clock. Made entirely of Galv steel and felted and will last long time. Family size by freight prepaid, anywhere for \$9.75. Satisfaction guaranteed. Harvey Novelty Co., Chico, Calif.

Window Trimming

Let Us Send You Full Information On Window Trimming, Advertising and Card Writing Courses, Books and Monthly Paper. The oldest and most successful school of its kind. The Koester School, 302 Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Real Estate

South Atlantic Area, An Empire Of Fertile Lands along Seaboard Air Line Railway in States of Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida. Outdoor pursuits possible year round. Combination of soil, climate, water opportunity for success of good money crop. Rice, fruit, and tree lumber at low prices within easy reach of large markets. Splendid opportunities for stockraising, dairying and poultry. Write for descriptive literature. J. A. Pridie, General Industrial Agent, Suite No. 363, Norfolk, Va.

TEXAS

Cattle, Hogs And A Slew Make Big And Sure Profits on the cheap lands of North West Texas. You can buy land for from \$15 to \$25 an acre, long time, 6% interest. Illustrated folder and leaflet with letters from farmers already making good, free. C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Colonization Agent, AT&SF Ry., 1899 Ry. Exch., Chicago.

VIRGINIA

Virginia Fertile Farm Lands \$15.00 Per Acre and up. Easy payments. Our beautiful illustrated magazine, one year free, if you will send names of two friends who are interested in Virginia. F. H. LaBaume, Agr'l Agent, Norfolk & Western Ry. Bldg., Room 71, Roanoke, Va.

Hand Cleaner for Motorists

Wonderful Invention. Instantly Removes Dirt, grease or graphite without soap or water. Applied like cold-cream. Will not hurt most delicate hands. 50¢ for sample jar. Guaranteed. Money refunded. Agents wanted. Kwik Sales Co., Dept. 161, People's Gas Bldg., Chicago.

Typewriters, Office Supplies

Largest Stock Of Typewriters In America. All makes. Underwoods, L. C. Smiths, Remingtons, etc. 14 to 16 infra. prices, (many less)—rented anywhere—applying rent on price. First class machines—rent one and judge on these most liberal terms. Write for catalog 121, Typewriter Emporium, (Estab. 1892), 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Literary: Manuscripts

Authors.—If You Have A Book MS. Seeking A publisher, write us. Privately printed books a specialty. Revision if desired. Reference: banks and authors. The Shakespeare Press, 116 E. 28th St., New York.

J O B S

HIGH-GRADE SALESMEN AND AGENTS ARE IN BIG DEMAND. TO THOSE WHO CAN QUALIFY, THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENTS PRESENT MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

Agents Wanted

Agents: Active Workers To Introduce New Patent. Fountain Auto Brushes, the only brush that will remove mud and grit from the car without scratching the surface and without washing water. Quick sales, big profits. Rare chance to earn permanent agency. Send \$1.50 for agent's sample which will be credited on first order. Write for territory today. Sanitax Brush Company, 2337 S. Wahab Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Young Man, Would You Accept And Wear A Fine tailor-made suit just for showing it to your friends? If you live in a town smaller than 10,000, write at once and get beautiful samples, styles and this wonderful offer. Banner Tailoring Company, Dept. 474, Chicago.

County Manager For A New Model Patented household article selling for \$3.50. Extra allowance over the ordinary commission. Life Job. Sells over and over again to the same people. Samples loaned. Manager, 123 Sycamore St., Milwaukee, Wis.

32500 Accident And Health Policy For \$6.00 yearly. No dues, no premiums. Pays \$2500 death, \$15 weekly for injury or sickness. Sells to men and women. Ages 16 to 70. \$500 Policy for \$10 yearly. Deposit with State. Write to Underwriters, Newark, N. J.

Vacuum Cleaner Agents, Here It Is; Absolutely new design in wheel-operated, powerful bellows type vacuum cleaner; new visible nozzle; exclusive appearance; sells quick at \$7.50. Write for particulars about money-back guarantee now. Doty Company, Box 400, Dayton, O.

Agents And Salesmen Wanted To Represent the largest manufacturers in the world of "Novelty Signs," Changeable Signs, Window Letters and Sign Makers. 5000 varieties. Enormous demand. Big profits. Catalogue free. National Novelty Co., 1237 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

Agents Wids Awake To Sell International Lamp and Lighting Systems. Sell on sight. Best line ever. Make a bundle man's income. We teach you how. International Light Company, 311 River St., Department 57, Chicago, Ill.

Agents Wanted. Our Agency Plan Is The Best in the world. If you are working on a small salary write us. We will show you how to make more. Dept. 10, Golden Rule Cutlery Co., 332 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Salemen—For Us Means Cash In Your Pocket every day; Household Device, duplicate orders, sells big, experience unnecessary. Write immediately. Specialties Supply Co., 311 Willoughby St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Anyone Can Attach Gliding Casters. Amazing profits. Carried in pocket. No rollers, save floors, carpets, furniture. Cost 5¢, sell 10¢. Home buys dozens. Best agents of the century. G. Mfg. Co., 2018 Warren St., New York.

Wanted Good Men Or Women To Sell The Latest Cadillac Combination Vacuum and Carpet Sweeper. Big profit. Also electric cleaners. Prices, territory on request. Dept. 1, Clements Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.

Agents—Get Particulars Of One Of The Best Paying propositions ever put on the market. Something no one else sells. Make big money. Send postal today for particulars. E. M. Feltman, Sales Mgr., 6729 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, O.

Agents. We Teach You How To Make Money. Gold Sign Letters put on with Roller. Cost 2¢. Sell 25¢. Mounted Samples Free. Embossed Letter Co., 231 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

Good Chance For One Man Or Woman In Each town to make big money distributing free circulars and taking orders for concentrated flavoring in tubes. Permanent position. J. S. Ziegler Co., 445-K Dearborn St., Chicago.

Agents Wanted

Energetic Men In Every Town And City Make big money selling Package Pure Food Products in homes. A trial of them means customers every day all the year. A rare chance for the right man to make money quick. No experience required. Every day's delay is money lost. Particulars free. Send references. Schorn & Brower, 548-550 West 46th St., New York City.

Agents—Amazing Invention. New Business. No competition. Big profit. World's best Home Massage machine. Works by waterpower. Delights both sexes. Write for full particulars and free book on "Beauty & Health." Address: Blackstone Company, 739 Meredith Building, Toledo, O.

Kwik Hand Cleaner. Big Profits. Easy Sales. Wonderful invention. Instantly removes dirt, grease or stain without soap or water. Every motorist, motorcyclist, chauffeur or machinist buys when shown. Write today. Kwik Sales Co., Dept. 161, People's Gas Bldg., Chicago.

Wanted: A Man Or Woman All Or Spare Time to receive information for us. Work at home or travel. Experience not necessary. Nothing to sell. Good Pay. Send stamp for particulars. Address M. S. L. A., 12 L Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana.

You Can Make \$3-\$5 As Our General Or local agent. Household necessity that saves 50¢. Permanent business. Big profits. Free sample. Write, Pitkin & Co., 114 Red St., Newark, N. Y.

Over \$10 Profit Each Sale. Energetic Salesman especially to sell Good Health Electric Vibrators, big, steady demand, easily sold, high grade dignified business. Good Health Vibrator Co., 802 N. Clark St., Chicago.

Big Money Daily To Agents Who Are Hustlers selling our new and wonderful line of goods. Our big capital backs you. Complete selling outfit free. Exclusive territory. Wm. J. Dick, Mgr., Dept. A, As, Chicago.

Absolutely Free For 30 Days Only. One Dozen guaranteed U. S. Fire Extinguishers with order for three dozen. Special offer to one representative in each section. United Mfg. Co., 1011 Jefferson, Toledo, O.

Agents Wanted—Latest High Grade Sanitary Specialty. Wanted. Every home, hotel, factory and office buys on sight. No pay for itself. Big profits. Write today. The Watrous Co., 1625 Fisher Bldg., Chicago.

Agents. Live Wire Proposition Offered To Hustlers. Exclusive territory on a profitable new article. Best sellers. Write quick. Schiller Mfg. Company, G, 175 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

Agents—Handkerchiefs, Dress Goods. Represent a big manufacturer. Good pay. Easy work. No experience needed. Free samples. Credit. Freeport Manufacturing Co., 72 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents. We Teach You How To Make Money. Good Pay—short hours—prompt action wins the job. Write at once for free agent's outfit and exclusive rights. The Progress Tailoring Company, Dept. 100, Chicago.

Silk Hose Free On Becoming Triplewear Agent. No money. State size. Beautiful line. Agents are making big money. Write today without fail. Triplewear Mills, Dept. P., 112 South 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Good Chance For One Man Or Woman In Each town to make big money distributing free circulars and taking orders for concentrated flavoring in tubes. Permanent position. J. S. Ziegler Co., 445-K Dearborn St., Chicago.

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Be A Commercial Artist. We Teach You By correspondence, giving all our students personal instruction and criticism. Our new course offers you the chance of putting your artistic talents to commercial use. Advertising—Illustration—Lettering—designing of covers, posters, souvenirs and other artistic forms of pictorial advertising with methods of reproduction are included in these lessons. If you will send us a sample of your work enclosing postage for return, you will receive our advice to your abilities. Good advertising artists are well paid. Academy of Advertising Art, 1100 Auditorium Tower, Chicago, Illinois.

Free Tuition By Mail: Civil Service, Normal, Academic, Business Engineering, Drawing, Agricultural, English, Law, Real Estate and Physical Culture Courses thoroughly taught by mail. Mater. \$5.00; Tuition free to first applicants. Address Carnegie College, Rogers, Ohio.

Get Ready Now For 1914 Registration. We Will prepare you for entrance to Medical, Law, Pharmacy, or Engineering schools. Individual instruction. Residential or Home study. Brooks Classical School, Dept. C., Schiller Bldg., Chicago.

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Electricity, Plumbing, Bricklaying, Mechanical Drawing, taught by experts. Practical work instead of books. Largest and best equipped school. Best positions open for graduates. Write for illustrated book. It is free. Coyne National Trade School, 94 E. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.

Duplicating Devices

You Can Make 50 Duplicate Copies From Every letter you write with pen or typewriter by using our "Modern" Duplicator. \$1.50 complete. Booklet Free. W. E. Durkin, Reeves & Co., 329 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Loose Leaf Devices

Everybody Should Carry a Loose Leaf Memo book. Why? Because it is economic. Sample with genuine leather covers and 50 sheets. 25¢. Name on cover in Gold 15¢ extra. Looseleaf Book Co., 814 E. 125th St., N. Y.

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\$1.00 To \$1000.00 Cash Paid For All Rare Money to date. Many valuable coins in circulation. Get posted. Send stamp for large illustrated coin circular. It may mean much profit to you. You certainly have nothing to lose. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. C, Ft. Worth, Texas.

Agents Wanted

Hand Power Vacuum Cleaner, Carpet Sweeper style, straight from carpet sweeper manufacturers of 13 years' standing and world-wide reputation. Sells on 2 minute demonstration to any housewife. Runs easy as a carpet sweep and like water. Write for agent's terms. National Sweeper Co., 410 Laurel St., Torrington, Conn.

We Furnish You Capital To Run A Profitable business of your own. Become one of our local representatives and sell high grade custom made shirts, also guaranteed sweaters, underwear, hosiery and neckties, direct to the homes. Write Steadfast Mills, Dept. 24, Cohoes, N. Y.

Regular Weekly Salaries To Agents—For Introducting our swell line of Toilet Products—there's our brand new offer. We take all risk and guarantee satisfaction—one month's trial. Nothing ever like this. Send postal for details now. E. M. Davis, R-1 Davis Block, Chicago.

Attention Agents "Mop, vacuum, Crew Managers, etc." our indestructible cleaning, polishing, and discless mop just patented, sells at sight, enormous profits! exclusive mop to business, producers; Wonderful opportunity. Duncan Bros., 2125 W. Division St., Chicago.

Agents In Every City To Handle Our Triplewear Hand Holding Board; big profits, exclusive territory; write for terms and free catalog; other big sellers. S. B. Diamond & Bro., 35 West 21st Street, New York City.

Agents: For "Everbright" Gold Glass Letters for window signs and house numbers. These letters and numbers can be sold in every city in the country. Chicago Glass Novelty Co., Marion, Ind.

Agents! Portraits, 35¢; Frames, 15¢; Sheet Pictures, inc.; Stereoscopes, 25¢; Views, inc., 30¢ days credit. Samples and catalog free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 940, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Agents—Double Your Income Selling Guaranteed knit-goods for largest manufacturer in America. Write for free outfit and particulars of greatest money-making proposition ever offered. Madison Knitting Mills, 486 W. N.Y. St., Midland Casualty Co., 1345 Insurance Exch., Chicago.

Agents Make Big Money Selling Our Gold And Silver letters for Stores and Office windows, easily applied. Big demand everywhere. Postal brings free sample. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 432 N. Clark St., Chicago.

Advertising Stickers! All Kinds! All Prices! inexpensive and effective advertising. A universal business help. Send today for price list. Splendid field for agents.

Become Our Local Representative. We show you how to turn your spare time into a steady and profitable income. Samples free. National Dress Goods Company, Dept. 14, No. 8 Beach Street, N. Y. City.

Wanted Live Agents To Sell Eureka Steel Brooms from various sources of for cash. Wonderful money maker for ambitious men. Send for Catalogue. Eureka Steel Range Co., O'Fallon, Ill.

Agents—Good Pay And A Steady Job. Take orders for our fine quality made-to-measure suits. Easy to sell. Low prices. Big profits. Write now for free outfit. Chicago Tailors Assn. No. 340 So. Market St., Chicago.

Something New—Sanitary Telephone Device. Millions will be sold. Sells readily. \$1. Big profit. Large industrial company purchased 1100. Profitable exclusive agencies open. Phonate Co., 509 Nasby, Toledo, O.

Own A Branch Agency—And Control County rights on "Nu-Pants," "Sweaties," "Boss," "Glen," "Never Slip," "Our Idea," latest equipment business quickly established. No charge for rights. Address—Modern Specialty Co., 19th Ave., Racine, Wis.

Agents—You Can't Afford To Accept Ordinary proposition while agency for Guaranteed Aluminum Cooking Utensils is open. Answer quick. Protected territory. American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Div. X, Lemont, Ill.

Agents—You Can't Afford To Accept Ordinary proposition while agency for Guaranteed Aluminum Cooking Utensils is open. Answer quick. Protected territory. American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Div. X, Lemont, Ill.

Motion Picture Plays

Learn To Write Photoplays. Easy And Fast. easiest way to earn money in spare time. Big demand. Producers pay \$25 to \$100 each. Illustrated catalogue free. Authors' Motion Picture School, Box 130T, Chicago.

Write Moving Picture Plays. Big Prices Paid. Constant demand. Devote all or spare time. Experience literary ability or correspondence course unnecessary. Details free. Atlas Pub. Co., 346 Atlas Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Motion Picture Plays Wanted. You Can Write them. We teach you by mail. No experience needed. Big demand and good pay. Details free. Ass'd M. P. Schools, 674 P Sheridan Road, Chicago.

For the Photographer

Kodakers, The Kamera-Meter Tells Correct Exposure—price 10¢. Free if you send a six exposures roll and thirty cents for developing and six fine Velvet prints. Kodak Shop, 79 Auditorium, Chicago.

You Will Be Satisfied By Paying Ten Cents per Roll, irrespective of size, to have your films developed by an expert. Write for our prices on printing. C. C. Print Shop, Box 12 A, Evanston, Illinois.

For Your Home

Domestic Science, Home Study Courses. For home-makers, teachers and well paid positions. Ill. 100-page booklet, "Profession of Home Making," free. Am. School of Home Economics, 332 W. 69th St., Chicago.

Die Making, Metal Stamping

We Are Equipped To Make Dies And Metal Stamps of all kinds. If you have a new patent and want the dies and goods made we can make them. No job too small or large for us to handle. Edgren Mfg. Co., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

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Western Farm Mortgages Are An Ideal Conservative Investment. Ours have stood the test for 30 yrs. 6% net. Large or small amounts. Send for descriptive pamphlet "M" & list of offerings. E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, N. D.

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Make Big Money And Six Suits A Year At Cost. We want 200 new territories to sell men salesmen at once. We need to furnish men not to expand, so send a year for his personal use at actual cost. Write at once. Make big money every week in this clean, high-class position. We furnish everything free—samples, measuring system, full instructions, etc. Also free advertising, printed in agent's own name. No experience necessary. Send no money—Reliable Tailoring Company, Dept. 2366 Reliable Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

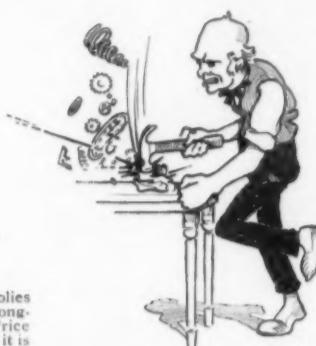
Make Big Money Taking Orders For Regal made-to-measure Union tailored men's garments. We tell you how. You get everything you need—free. Wonderfully colored, illustrated book of styles and fabrics. Ill. line, instructions free. Experience unnecessary. Write for postal. Now. We do the rest. All charges prepaid. Regal Tailoring Company, 181 Regal Building, Chicago, Ill.

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Successful Salesmen Working Small Towns Can increase their earnings during spare time, by placing punch board assortments (jew



Two Ways of "Fixing" Things



There has been so much written about the methods of the so-called Trusts and Monopolies in the matter of "fixing" and "manipulating" prices, it is not surprising that "a suspicious and long-suffering public" should have certain misgivings at the mere mention of the subject of "Price Maintenance". The term smacks of the well-known methods of extortion, but here's where it is entirely misleading to those who have not given thought and study to the proposition.

As a matter of fact, "Price Maintenance" is decidedly in the interest of the Consumer, in the interest of Competition, in the interest of the Small Dealer. It is but an extension of the "One Price" system—which is the only fair and equitable method of merchandising.

The following contribution, from Mr. R. O. Eastman of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flake Company, is both interesting and enlightening. It will pay you to read it.

First of all, to show you how the same term may have entirely different meanings in practice, Mr. Eastman tells a vivid little story of how Jones demonstrated to his wife that there are two ways to "fix" a clock.

R. O. Eastman.
Advertising Manager Collier's Weekly

(Written by R. O. Eastman—Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flake Co.—Battle Creek, Michigan.)

JONES had an alarm clock. One day Mrs. Jones brought it to him with the simple announcement that it refused to run.

Jones, being something of a genius, picked up a screw-driver and a hammer and quietly said:

"I'll fix it."

He worked diligently with the screw-driver for half an hour. The clock still refused to run. He worked on with the screw-driver another half hour. Same results. Jones' patience was exhausted.

He picked up the hammer.

"I'll fix it!" he exclaimed.

And a vicious blow from the hammer did the rest.

Mrs. Jones came in to view the remains.

"What on earth have you done?" she asked.

Jones had regained his composure.

"Mary," he replied, "you were two ways of fixing that clock."

Which goes to illustrate that in this seemingly endless controversy over price-fixing it should not be forgotten that there are two ways of fixing prices.

The two kinds of "price-fixing" differ according to the different meanings of the term "to fix".

The preferred meaning is to make firm or stable. In this sense we speak of a "fixed star". It doesn't shift. You always know where to find it.

Another meaning is to adjust or repair. And there is the still further colloquial or popular meaning of the term "to fix", which is employed when we speak of "fixing" a policeman or a jury. To use another Americanism, this means that they have been "monkeyed with".

It is this kind of "price fixing" that America condemns—prices that have been "monkeyed with" to produce inflated values or concentrated control.

It is this kind of "price-fixing" that has made trusts—boosting the price in one place and lowering it in another, freezing out competition, and placing the consumer absolutely at the mercy of the monopoly.

It is this kind of "price-fixing" that the Sherman Anti-Trust Law was devised to prevent.

Another term for this kind of "price-fixing" is *price manipulation*.

Then there is the other kind of "price-fixing"—making the price firm, fast, uniform, unvarying.

Fixing the price so that it will be the same to all people in all places at all times.

It is this kind of "price-fixing" that America approves—for could there be any greater evidence of national approval than the tremendous patronage which the American people give those manufacturers that have exerted every effort to maintain one fair, uniform price on their products throughout the entire market? Name over a list of the most popular advertised articles, the kind that are guaranteed and that measure up to their guarantees, the kind that their buyers "swear by", and you will have named a list of articles on which this kind of "price-fixing" applies.

It is this kind of "price-fixing" that has *unmade trusts* because it guarantees equal rights and privileges to every dealer, to every consumer, and, in the very nature of things, to every competitor.

It is this kind of "price-fixing" that the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, if we may believe the words of its authors, was *expressly designed to foster and encourage*—a system of prices which should insure equal rights to all and special privileges to none.

And another name for this kind of "price-fixing", and a better name, is "*Price Maintenance*".

Price manipulation is the chief weapon of the trusts.

Price maintenance is the most perfect remedy against the trusts.

For the merest child can understand that it is impossible to *maintain* prices and to *manipulate* them at the same time.

It is price manipulation, not "*Price Maintenance*", that has built up the trusts—cutting the price below cost in one place to starve out competitors, and robbing the people in another place to make up for the losses.

And "*Price Maintenance*" is the one real, operative remedy for this evil.

As to the right of a manufacturer to fix or maintain the price on his products, that is another thing—but why should there be any question of

the manufacturer's right to do something which cannot possibly harm anyone besides himself?

When he fixes a uniform price on his product it is *his business* that he is playing with, and he does it at his peril. If he fixes it too low, the public may benefit for a little while, but he will lose money and eventually be forced to quit. If he fixes it too high, the public will buy someone else's goods and no one will suffer but himself.

But this fact should not be lost sight of:—There has been a great clamor for the elimination of the middleman on the ground that the middleman is an important factor in the high cost of living. There are many who refuse to believe that this clamor is justified, but if there is any occasion for distrust, could there be a better remedy than to have the manufacturer fix the uniform price which the middleman must charge? It is to the manufacturer's interest to see that the middleman, or distributor, is paid no more than a fair price for his services, for the manufacturer's patronage and success depend wholly on continued favor from the public.

A study of the situation shows that the merchant's profit on "maintained price" articles averages less than his profit on articles he puts the price upon himself. Merchants generally are willing to take less profit on these well-known brands because they move freely and in greater volume, thereby tying up but little capital, and because they are guaranteed by the manufacturer, thereby involving no risk on the part of the dealer.

It is hopeless to attempt to educate the public against buying bargains. There are few of us who will forego the opportunity to buy an advertised article that we really want and that is worth \$5.00 when we see it marked down to \$3.98. But except in the case of bankrupt or genuine "closing out sales"—and the proportion of genuine "closing out sales" is very small—it is a safe rule that when you see a cut price on an advertised article in one part of a store, there is a robbery going on in another part of that store. Ten chances to one the dealer is losing money on that "cut price special". He doesn't have to lose money on it, because the manufacturer would willingly take it back at the price the dealer paid, and would much rather do so than to have the price cut and the public deceived into believing that the regular price was too high. So if the dealer deliberately sets out to lose money on the advertised "cut price special" it is with the intention of making bigger money on something else the value of which is not so well known.

The only safe thing to do, then, when you see that kind of a "bargain", is to buy the bargain—if you are sure it is genuine—and get out of the store as fast as you can. Someone else will pay for your bargain, but you will have saved money.



"I Tell You— These Holeproofs Are Wonderful Socks"

GO to a furnishing, clothing or department store and see the original guaranteed hose—famous Holeproof Hosiery. Note its *texture*, *light weight* and *style*. In all these qualities Holeproof Hose outclass common kinds.

Buy six pairs of Holeproof and begin to know them, as a million wearers do. Learn what *convenience*, *wear* and *saving* are possible in Holeproof Hose. Use six pairs for six months. See what *long-time quality* means.

Buy them today. They will last half a year—until February—or longer. If they wear out—if even a thread breaks—you get new pairs free. In that one operation you dispense with the bother and trouble you've had with other hose.

\$1.50 per box and up for six pairs of men's; \$2.00 per box and up for six pairs of women's and children's; \$1.00 per box for four pairs of infants'. Above boxes guaranteed six months.

\$2.00 per box for three pairs of men's silk Holeproof socks; \$3.00 per box for three pairs of women's silk Holeproof stockings. Boxes of silk guaranteed three months.

Can Hose Be Made Better?

We pay an average of 74c per pound for the yarn in Holeproof. We buy only Egyptian and Sea Island Cotton yarn—the finest yarn that's sold. 74c is the top market price. Common yarn costs but 32c.

But ours is *three-ply* and *long-fibre* cotton. That means *strength* with *light weight*. It means *soft pliability*.

The wear you get in these stockings or socks has nothing to do with the weight of the yarn.

Common yarn is two-ply, short-fibre, and weak. No such hose as Holeproof can be made with such yarn.

We use an experience of 39 years. We know the best methods. We have every machine that gets the best results.

Do you think any hose can be made any better?

Ask Dealers for Fall Sty

Dealers now have the new colors that are to be worn this Fall. They have them in many weights in cotton. Also in silk. Go see them now.

In Your Town

The genuine Holeproof are sold in your town. Write for the dealers' names. We ship direct where no dealer is near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. Ask for the new Mercerized Holeproof Socks for men at \$1.50 for six pairs—the 25c grade with the silky texture and 22% added strength. Write for free book, which tells all about Holeproof.

HOLEPROOF HOSEY CO.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Canada

Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN



(472)

**Holeproof
Silk Gloves**

FOR WOMEN

For long wear, fit and style, these are the finest silk gloves produced. Made in all lengths, sizes and colors.

Write for the illustrated book that tells all about them and write for the name of the dealer near you who handles them.



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